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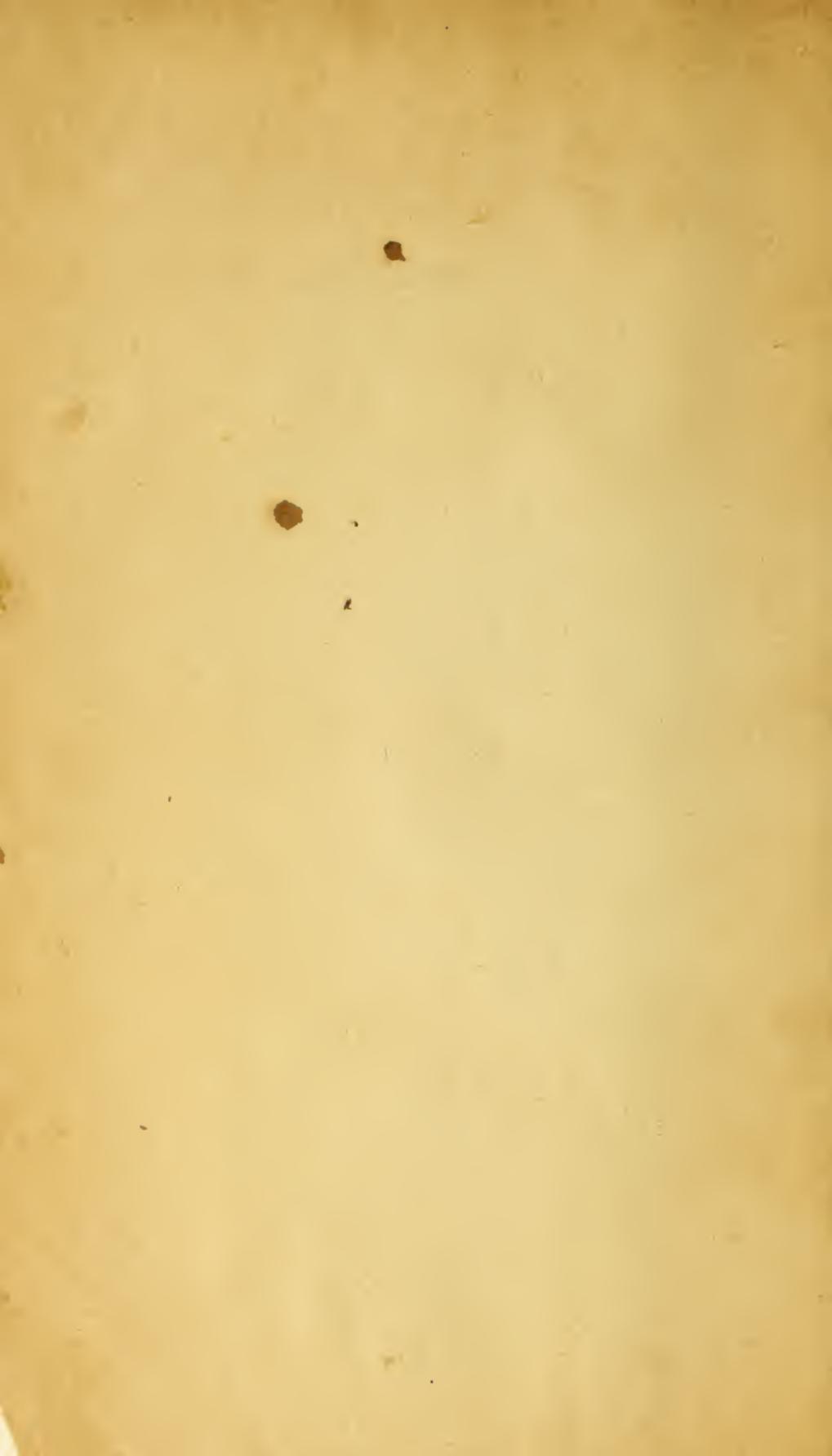




# THOMSONS



# SEASONS.



THE  
SEASIDE,  
BY  
JAMES THOMSON.

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TO WHICH IS PREFIXED  
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,  
BY PATRICK MURDOCH, D. D. F. R. S.

AND

A N E S S A Y

ON THE

PLAN AND CHARACTER OF THE POEM,

BY J. AIKIN.

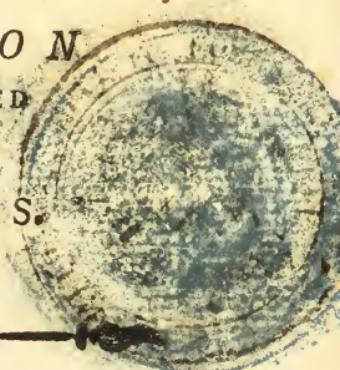
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725  
*A NEW EDITION*

REVISED AND CORRECTED

BY

J. J. C. TIMAEUS.



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TO  
CHRISTIAN DANIEL EBELING,  
PROFESSOR OF HISTORY AND OF THE GREEK  
LANGUAGE AT THE GYMNASIUM  
IN HAMBVRGH.

SIR

Your known goodness gives my presumption  
the hopes of a pardon, for prefixing to this  
new edition of the immortal work of an author,  
whose beauties you can so exquisitely relish in  
the original, the Name of a Man, whose char-  
acter and great universal learning deservedly  
are the pride of my countrymen, and the boast  
of all that have the honour of your acquaintance.

I could not deny myself the satisfaction of laying  
hold on this first opportunity of assuring you of  
my sincerest esteem, and declaring at the same  
time to the world, the infinite obligations I have  
to you.

To

To know you, and not love your goodness would betray a total want of feeling and humanity in any one. In me it would amount to the highest ingratitude if I could ever be insensible or unmindful of that great degree of kindness and friendship, you have been pleased to shew me, ever since I have been a nearer witness and ardent admirer of your worth.

But my pen cannot accompany my heart when I speak, and whilst I am pleasing myself I fear to offend you. Be pleased therefore to accept of these few lines as an acknowledgment of the favour you have shewn me, and a pledge of the sincere gratitude and perfect regard of

SIR

Your most obliged

humble servant

JOHN TIMAEUS.

## P R E F A C E,

I have very little to inform the Reader concerning this new edition of a poet whose immortal fame is so universally established in every country, where due honour is paid to genius, and uncommon natural endowments. It being chiefly intended for the use of schools, correctness and cheapness have been more consulted than that elegance and splendour, which too often exceeds the narrow circumstances of the diligent, but indigent youth.

The best editions have been carefully compared, as well these that appeared during the author's life as those since his death: the variations of the text have been constantly attended to, the differences duly weighed, and those readings chosen and oftentimes replaced, that had been either corrupted by the carelessness and inadvertency of former editors, or

altered for the worse without taste and critical judgment. I submit them to the decision of able critics; and should think myself highly rewarded for many a laborious and toilsome hour, if by this new edition the unrivalled masterpiece of the British Bard should be more universally spread and acknowledged amongst my countrymen; and the favourite of the Muses, the inimitable painter of Nature be more studied in the original.

Murdoch's *life of the author*, and Aikins excellent *Essay on the plan and character of the poem* will I hope, meet with a favourable reception, they never having been printed in Germany. Notwithstanding my unremitted assiduity and strict accuracy a few errors of the press may have crept in, which, I flatter myself, the Reader will kindly excuse.

*The Editor.*

AN  
A C C O U N T  
O F T H E  
LIFE AND WRITINGS  
O F  
Mr. JAMES THOMSON.

IT is commonly said, that the life of a good writer is best read in his works; which can scarce fail to receive a peculiar tincture from his temper, manners, and habits: the distinguishing character of his mind, his ruling passion, at least, will there appear undisguised. But however just this observation may be; and although we might safely rest Mr. Thomson's fame, as a good man, as well as a man of genius, on this sole footing; yet the desire which the Public always shews of being more particularly acquainted with the history of an eminent author, ought not to be disappointed; as it proceeds not from mere curiosity, but chiefly from affection and gratitude to those by whom they have been entertained and instructed.

To give some account of a deceased friend is often a piece of justice likewise, which ought not to be refused to his memory: to prevent or efface the impertinent fictions which

officious Biographers are so apt to collect and propagate. And we may add, that the circumstances of an author's life will sometimes throw the best light upon his writings; instances whereof we shall meet with in the following pages.

Mr. *Thomson* was born at *Ednam*, in the shire of *Roxburgh*, on the 11th of *September*, in the year 1700. His father, minister of that place was but little known beyond the narrow circle of his co-presbyters, and to a few gentlemen in the neighbourhood; but highly respected by them, for his piety, and his diligence in the pastoral duty: as appeared afterwards in their kind offices to his widow and orphan family.

The Reverend Messrs. *Riccarton* and *Guthart*, particularly, took a most affectionate and friendly part in all their concerns. The former, a man of uncommon penetration and good taste, had very early discovered, through the rudeness of young *Thomson*'s puerile essays, a fund of genius well deserving culture and encouragement. He undertook therefore, with the father's approbation, the chief direction of his studies, furnished him with the proper books, corrected his performances, and was daily rewarded with the pleasure of seeing his labours so happily employed.

The other Reverend gentleman, Mr. *Guthart*, who is still living \*, one of the ministers of *Edinburgh*, and senior of the Chapel Royal, was no less serviceable to Mrs. *Thomson* in the management of her little affairs; which, after the decease of her husband, burdened as she was with a family

of

\* 1762.

of nine children, required the prudent counsels and assistance of that faithful and generous friend.

Sir *William Bennet* likewise, well known for his gay humour and ready poetical wit, was highly delighted with our young poet, and used to invite him to pass the Summer vacation at his country seat: a scene of life which Mr. *Thomson* always remembered with particular pleasure. But what he wrote during that time, either to entertain Sir *William* and Mr. *Riccarton*, or for his own amusement, he destroyed every new year's day: committing his little pieces to the flames, in their due order: and crowning the solemnity with a copy of verses, in which were humorously recited the several grounds of their condemnation.

After the usual course of school education, under an able master at *Jedburgh*, Mr. *Thomson* was sent to the University of *Edinburgh*. But in the second year of his admission, his studies were for some time interrupted by the death of his father; who was carried off so suddenly, that it was not possible for Mr. *Thomson*, with all the diligence he could use, to receive his last blessing. This affected him to an uncommon degree; and his relations still remember some extraordinary instances of his grief and filial duty on that occasion.

Mrs. *Thomson*, whose maiden name was *Hume*, and who was co-heiress of a small estate in the country, did not sink under this misfortune. She consulted her friend Mr. *Guthart*; and having, by his advice, mortgaged her moiety of the farm, repaired with her family to *Edinburgh*; where she

lived in a decent frugal manner, till her favourite son had not only finished his academical course, but was even distinguished and patronised as a Man of genius. She was, herself, a person of uncommon natural endowments; possessed of every social and domestic virtue; with an imagination, for vivacity and warmth, scarce inferior to her son's, and which raised her devotional exercises to a pitch bordering on enthusiasm.

But whatever advantage Mr. *Thomson* might derive from the complexion of his parent, it is certain he owed much to a religious education; and that his early acquaintance with the sacred writings contributed greatly to that *sublime*, by which his works will be for ever distinguished. In his first pieces, the *Seasons*, we see him at once assume the majestic freedom of an Eastern writer; seizing the grand images as they rise, clothing them in his own expressive language, and preserving, throughout, the grace, the variety, and the dignity which belong to a just composition; unhurt by the stiffness of formal method.

About this time, the study of poetry was become general in *Scotland*, the best *English* authors being universally read, and imitations of them attempted. *Addison* had lately displayed the beauties of *Milton's* immortal work; and his remarks on it, together with Mr. *Pope's* celebrated *Essay*, had opened the way to an acquaintance with the best poets and critics.

But the most learned critic is not always the best judge of poetry; taste being a gift of Nature, the want of which, *Aristotle* and *Boissu* cannot supply; nor even the study of the best

best originals, when the reader's faculties are not *tuned in a certain consonance* to those of the poet: and this happened to be the case with certain learned gentlemen, into whose hands a few of Mr. *Thomson*'s first essays had fallen. Some inaccuracies of style, and those luxuriancies which a young writer can hardly avoid, lay open to their cavils and censure; so far indeed they might be competent judges: but the fire and enthusiasm of the poet had entirely escaped their notice. Mr. *Thomson*, however, conscious of his own strength, was not discouraged by this treatment; especially as he had some friends on whose judgment he could better rely, and who thought very differently of his performances. Only, from that time, he began to turn his view towards *London*; where works of genius may always expect a candid reception and due encouragement: and an accident soon after entirely determined him to try his fortune there.

The divinity chair at *Edinburgh* was then filled by the reverend and learned Mr. *Hamilton*; a gentleman universally respected and beloved; and who had particularly endeared himself to the young divines under his care, by his kind offices, his candour and affability. Our author had attended his lectures for about a year, when there was prescribed to him for the subject of an exercise, a psalm, in which the power and majesty of God are celebrated. Of this psalm he gave a paraphrase and illustration, as the nature of the exercise required; but in a style so highly poetical as surprised the whole audience. Mr. *Hamilton*, as his custom was, complimented the orator upon his performance, and pointed

out to the students the most masterly striking parts of it; but at last, turning to Mr. *Thomson*, he told him, smiling, that if he thought of being useful in the ministry, he must keep a stricter rein upon his imagination, and express himself in language more intelligible to an ordinary congregation.

This gave Mr. *Thomson* to understand, that his expectations from the study of theology might be very precarious; even though the *Church* had been more his free choice than probably it was. So that having, soon after, received some encouragement from a lady of quality, a friend of his mother's, then in *London*, he quickly prepared himself for his journey. And although this encouragement ended in nothing beneficial, it served for the present as a good pretext, to cover the imprudence of committing himself to the wide world, unfriended and unpatronised, and with the slender stock of money he was then possessed of.

But his merit did not long lie concealed. Mr. *Forbes*, afterwards Lord President of the Session, then attending the service of Parliament, having seen a specimen of Mr. *Thomson's* poetry in *Scotland*, received him very kindly, and recommended him to some of his friends: particularly to Mr. *Aikman*, who lived in great intimacy with many persons of distinguished rank and worth. This gentleman, from a connoisseur in painting, was become a professed painter; and his taste being no less just and delicate in the kindred art of descriptive poetry, than in his own, no wonder that he soon conceived a friendship for our author. What a warm return he met with, and how Mr. *Thomson* was affected by his friend's

friend's premature death, appears in the copy of verses which he wrote on that occasion.

In the mean time, our author's reception, where-ever he was introduced, emboldened him to risque the publication of his *Winter*: in which, as himself was a mere novice in such matters, he was kindly assisted by Mr. *Mallet*, then private tutor to his grace the Duke of *Montrose*, and his brother the Lord *George Graham*, so well known afterwards as an able and gallant sea officer. To Mr. *Mallet* he likewise owed his first acquaintance with several of the wits of that time; an exact information of their characters, personal and poetical, and how they stood affected to each other.

The Poem of *Winter*, published in *March 1726*, was no sooner read than universally admired; those only excepted who had not been used to feel, or to look for any thing in poetry, beyond a *point* of satirical or epigrammatic wit, a smart *antithesis* richly trimmed with rhyme, or the softness of an *elegiac* complaint. To such his manly classical spirit could not readily recommend itself; till after a more attentive perusal, they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired or affected a truer taste. A few others stood aloof, merely because they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and resigned themselves to an absolute despair of ever seeing any thing new and original. These were somewhat mortified to find their notions disturbed by the appearance of a poet, who seemed to owe nothing but to Nature and his own genius. But, in a short time, the applause became unanimous; every one wondering how so

many pictures, and pictures so familiar, should have moved them but faintly to what they felt in his descriptions. His digressions too, the overflowings of a tender benevolent heart, charmed the reader no less: leaving him in doubt, whether he should more admire the *Poet*, or love the *Man*.

From that time Mr. *Thomson's* acquaintance was courted by all men of taste; and several ladies of high rank and distinction became his declared patronesses: the Countess of *Hertford*, Miss *Drelincourt*, afterwards Viscountess *Primrose*, Mrs. *Stanley*, and others. But the chief happiness which his *Winter* procured him was, that it brought him acquainted with Dr. *Rundle*, afterwards Lord Bishop of *Derry*: who, upon conversing with Mr. *Thomson*, and finding in him qualities greater still, and of more value, than those of a poet, received him into his intimate confidence and friendship; promoted his character every where; introduced him to his great friend the Lord Chancellor *Talbot*; and, some years after, when the eldest son of that nobleman was to make his *tour* of travelling, recommended Mr. *Thomson* as a proper companion for him. His affection and gratitude to Dr. *Rundle*, and his indignation at the treatment that worthy prelate had met with, are finely expressed in his poem to the memory of Lord *Talbot*. The true cause of that undeserved treatment has been secreted from the Public, as well as the dark *manœuvres* that were employed: but Mr. *Thomson*, who had access to the best information, places it to the account of

— Slanderous zeal, and politics infirm,

Jealous of worth, —

Meanwhile

Meanwhile, our poet's chief care had been, in return for the public favour, to finish the plan which their wishes laid out for him; and the expectations which his *Winter* had raised, were fully satisfied by the successive publication of the other *Seasons*: of *Summer*, in the year 1727; of *Spring*, in the beginning of the following year; and of *Autumn*, in a quarto edition of his works, printed in 1730.

In that edition, the *Seasons* are placed in their natural order; and crowned with that inimitable *Hymn*, in which we view them in their beautiful succession, as *one whole*, the *immediate* effect of infinite *Power* and *Goodness*. In imitation of the hebrew Bard, all Nature is called forth to do homage to the Creator, and the reader is left enraptured in silent adoration and praise.

Besides these, and his tragedy of *Sophonisba*, written and acted with applause, in the year 1729. Mr. Thomson had, in 1727, published his poem to the memory of Sir Isaac Newton, then lately deceased; containing a deserved encomium of that incomparable Man, with an account of his chief discoveries; sublimely poetical; and yet so just, that an ingenious foreigner, the Count Algarotti, takes a line of it for the text of his philosophical dialogues, *Il Neutonianismo per le dame*: this was in part owing to the assistance he had of his friend Mr. Gray, a gentleman well versed in the *Newtonian Philosophy*, who, on that occasion, gave him a very exact, though general, abstract of its principles.

That same year, the resentment of our merchants, for the interruption of their trade by the *Spaniards* in *America*,  
running

running very high, Mr. *Thomson* zealously took part in it; and wrote his poem *Britannia*, to rouse the nation to revenge. And although this piece is the less read that its subject was but accidental and temporary; the spirited generous sentiments that enrich it, can never be out of season: they will at least remain a monument of that love of his country, that *devotion to the Public*, which he is ever inculcating as the perfection of virtue, and which none ever felt more pure, or more intense, than himself.

Our author's poetical studies were now to be interrupted, or rather improved, by his attendance on the Honourable Mr. *Charles Talbot* in his travels. A delightful task indeed! endowed as that young nobleman was by Nature, and accomplished by the care and example of the best of fathers, in whatever could adorn humanity: graceful of person, elegant in manners and address, pious, humane, generous; with an exquisite taste in all the finer arts.

With this amiable companion and friend, Mr. *Thomson* visited most of the courts and capital cities of *Europe*; and returned with his views greatly enlarged; not of exterior Nature only, and the works of art, but of human life and manners, of the constitution and policy of the several states, their connexions, and their religious institutions. How particular and judicious his observations were, we see in his poem of *Liberty*, begun soon after his return to *England*. We see, at the same time, to what a high pitch his love of his country was raised, by the comparisons he had all along been making of our happy well-poised government with those of other nations.

nations. To inspire his fellow-subjects with the like sentiments; and to shew them by what means the precious freedom we enjoy may be preserved, and how it may be abused or lost; he employed two years of his life in composing that noble work: upon which, conscious of the importance and dignity of the subject, he valued himself more than upon all his other writings.

While Mr. *Thomson* was writing the first Part of *Liberty*, he received a severe shock, by the death of his noble friend and fellow-traveller: which was soon followed by another that was severer still, and of more general concern; the death of Lord *Talbot* himself; which Mr. *Thomson* so pathetically and so justly laments in the poem dedicated to his memory. In him, the nation saw itself deprived of an uncorrupted patriot, the faithful guardian of their rights, on whose wisdom and integrity they had founded their hopes of relief from many tedious vexations: and Mr. *Thomson*, besides his share in the general mourning, had to bear all the affliction which a heart like his could feel, for the person whom, of all mankind, he most revered and loved. At the same time, he found himself, from an easy competency reduced to a state of precarious dependence, in which he passed the remainder of his life; excepting only the two last years of it, during which he enjoyed the place of Surveyor-General of the *Leeward Islands*, procured for him by the generous friendship of my Lord *Lyttelton*.

Immediately upon his return to *England* with Mr. *Talbot*, the Chancellor had made him his Secretary of *Briefs*: a place

of little attendance, suiting his retired indolent way of life, and equal to all his wants. This place fell with his patron; and although the noble Lord, who succeeded to Lord *Talbot* in office, kept it vacant for some time, probably till Mr. *Thomson* should apply for it, he was so dispirited, and so listless to every concern of that kind, that he never took one step in the affair: a neglect which his best friends greatly blamed in him.

Yet could not his genius be depressed, or his temper hurt, by this reverse of fortune. He resumed, with time, his usual cheerfulness, and never abated one article in his way of living; which, though simple, was genial and elegant. The profits arising from his works were not inconsiderable; his tragedy of *Agamemnon*, acted in 1738, yielded a good sum; Mr. *Millar* was always at hand, to answer, or even to prevent his demands; and he had a friend or two besides, whose hearts, he knew, were not contracted by the ample fortunes they had acquired; who would, of themselves, interpose, if they saw any occasion for it.

But his chief dependence, during this long interval, was on the protection and bounty of his Royal Highness FREDERIC Prince of *Wales*; who, upon the recommendation of Lord *Lyttelton*, then his chief favourite, settled on him a handsome allowance. And afterwards, when he was introduced to his Royal Highness, that excellent prince, who truly was what Mr. *Thomson* paints him, *the friend of mankind and of merit*, received him very graciously, and ever after honoured him with many marks of particular favour and confidence. A

circum-

circumstance, which does equal honour to the patron and the poet, ought not here to be omitted; that my Lord *Lyttelton's* recommendation came altogether unsolicited, and long before Mr. *Thomson* was personally known to him.

It happened, however, that the favour of his Royal Highness was in one instance of some prejudice to our author; in the refusal of a licence for his tragedy of *Edward*, and *Eleonora*, which he had prepared for the stage in the year 1739. The reader may see that this play contains not a line which could justly give offence; but the ministry, still sore from certain pasquinades, which had lately produced the stage-act; and as little satisfied with some parts of the prince's political conduct, as he was with their management of the public affairs; would not risque the representation of a piece written under his eye, and, they might probably think, by his command.

This refusal drew after it another; and in a way which, as it is related, was rather ludicrous. Mr. *Paterson*, a companion of Mr. *Thomson*, afterwards his *deputy* and then his *successor* in the general-surveyorship, used to write out fair copies for his friend, when such were wanted for the press or for the stage. This gentleman likewise courted the tragic Muse; and had taken for his subject, the story of *Arminius*, the *German* hero. But his plot, guiltless as it was, being presented for a licence, no sooner had the *censor* cast his eyes on the hand-writing in which he had seen *Edward* and *Eleonora*, than he cried out: away with it! and the author's

profits were reduced to what his bookseller could afford for a tragedy in distress.

Mr. Thomson's next dramatic performance was the *Masque of Alfred*; written, jointly with Mr. Mallet, by command of the Prince of *Wales*, for the entertainment of his Royal Highness's court, at his summer-residence. This piece, with some alterations, and the music new, has been since brought upon the stage by Mr. Mallet: but the edition we give is from the *original*, as it was acted at *Clifden*, in the year 1740, on the birth-day of her Royal Highness the Princess *Augusta*.

In the year 1745, his *Tancred* and *Sigismunda*, taken from the novel in *Gil Blas*, was performed with applause; and from the deep romantic distress of the lovers, continues to draw crowded houses. The success of this piece was indeed ensured from the first by Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Cibber, there appearing in the principal characters; which they heighten and adorn with all the magic of their never-failing art.

He had, in the mean time, been finishing his *Castle of Indolence*, in two *Canto's*. It was, at first, little more than a few detached stanzas, in the way of raillery on himself, and on some of his friends, who would reproach him with indolence; while he thought them, at least, as indolent as himself. But he saw very soon, that the subject deserved to be treated more seriously, and in a form fitted to convey one of the most important moral lessons.

The stanza which he uses in this work is that of *Spenser*, borrowed from the *Italian* poets; in which he thought rhymes

rhymes had their proper place, and were even graceful: the compass of the stanza admitting an agreeable variety of final sounds; while the sense of the poet is not cramped or cut short, nor yet too much dilated: as must often happen, when it is parcelled out into rhymed couplets; the usual measure indeed of our *elegy* and *satire*; but which always weakens the higher poetry, and, to a true ear, will sometimes give it an air of the *burlesque*.

This was the last piece Mr. *Thomson* himself published; his tragedy of *Coriolanus* being only prepared for the theatre, when a fatal accident robbed the world of one of the best men, and best poets, that lived in it.

He had always been a timorous horseman; and more so, in a road where numbers of giddy or unskilful riders are continually passing; so that when the weather did not invite him to go by water, he would commonly walk the distance between *London* and *Richmond*, with any acquaintance that offered; with whom he might chat and rest himself, or perhaps dine, by the way. One summer evening, being alone, in his walk from town to *Hammersmith*, he had overheated himself, and in that condition, imprudently took a boat to carry him to *Kew*; apprehending no bad consequence from the chill air on the river, which his walk to his house, at the upper end of *Kew-lane*, had always hitherto prevented. But, now, the cold had so seized him, that next day he found himself in a high fever, so much the more to be dreaded that he was of a full habit. This, however, by the use of proper medicines, was removed, so that he was thought to be out of

danger: till the fine weather having tempted him to expose himself once more to the evening dews, his fever returned with violence, and with such symptoms as left no hopes of a cure. Two days had passed before his relapse was known in town; at last Mr. *Mitchell* and Mr. *Reid*, with Dr. *Armstrong*, being informed of it, posted out at midnight to his assistance: but alas! came only to endure a sight of all others the most shocking to nature, the last agonies of their beloved friend. This lamented death happened on the 27th day of *August*, 1748.

His testamentary executors were, the Lord *Lyttelton*, whose care of our poet's fortune and fame ceased not with his life; and Mr. *Mitchell*, a gentleman equally noted for the truth and constancy of his private friendships, and for his address and spirit as a public minister. By their united interest, the orphan play of *Coriolanus* was brought on the stage to the best advantage: from the profits of which, and the sale of manuscripts, and other effects, all demands were duly satisfied, and a handsome sum remitted to his sisters. My Lord *Lyttelton's* prologue to this piece was admired as one of the best that had ever been *written*: the best *spoken* it certainly was. The sympathizing audience saw that *then* indeed Mr. *Quin* was *no actor*; that the tears he shed, were those of real friendship and grief.

Mr. *Thomson's* remains were deposited in the church of *Richmond*, under a plain stone, without any inscription: nor did his brother poets at all exert themselves on the occasion, as they had lately done for one who had been the terror of

poets

poets all his lifetime. This silence furnished matter to one of his friends for an excellent satirical epigram, which we are sorry we cannot give the reader. Only one gentleman, Mr. *Collins*, who had lived some time at *Richmond*, but forsook it when Mr. *Thomson* died, wrote an Ode to his memory. This, for the dirgelike melancholy it breathes, and the warmth of affection that seems to have dictated it, we shall subjoin to the present account.

Our author himself hints, somewhere in his works, that his exterior was not the most promising; his make being rather robust than graceful: though it is known that in his youth he had been thought handsome. His worst appearance was, when you saw him walking alone, in a thoughtful mood: but let a friend accost him, and enter into conversation, he would instantly brighten into a most amiable aspect, his features no longer the same, and his eye darting a peculiar animated fire. The case was much alike in company; where, if it was mixed, or very numerous, he made but an indifferent figure: but with a few select friends, he was open, sprightly and entertaining. His wit flowed freely, but pertinently, and at due intervals, leaving room for every one to contribute his share. Such was his extreme sensibility, so perfect the harmony of his organs with the sentiments of his mind, that his looks always announced, and half expressed, what he was about to say; and his voice corresponded exactly to the manner and degree in which he was affected. This sensibility had one inconvenience attending it, that it rendered him the very worst reader of good poetry: a *sonnet*, or a copy of

tame verses, he could manage pretty well; or even improve them in the reading: but a passage of *Virgil*, *Milton* or *Shakespeare*, would sometimes quite oppress him, that you could hear little else than some ill-articulated sounds, rising as from the bottom of his breast.

He had improved his taste upon the best originals, ancient and modern; but could not bear to write what was not strictly his own, what had not more immediately struck his imagination, or touched his heart: so that he is not in the least concerned in that question about the *merit* or *demerit* of *imitators*. What he borrows from the ancients, he gives us in an avowed faithful paraphrase or translation; as we see in a few passages taken from *Virgil*, and in that beautiful picture from *Pliny* the elder, where the course, and gradual increase, of the *Nile* are figured by the stages of man's life.

The Autumn was his favourite season for poetical composition, and the deep silence of the night, the time he commonly chose for such studies; so that he would often be heard walking in his library till near morning, humming over, in his way, what he was to correct and write out next day.

The amusements of his leisure hours were civil and natural history, voyages, and the relations of travellers, the most authentic he could procure: and, had his situation favoured it, he would certainly have excelled in gardening, agriculture and every rural improvement and exercise. Although he performed on no instrument, he was passionately fond of music, and would sometimes listen a full hour at his window to the

nightingales

nightingales in *Richmond* gardens. While abroad, he had been greatly delighted with the regular *Italian* drama, such as *Metastasio* writes; as it is there heightened by the charms of the best voices and instruments; and looked upon our theatrical entertainments as, in one respect, naked and imperfect, when compared with the *ancient*, or with those of *Italy*; wishing sometimes that a *chorus*, at least, and a better *recitative*, could be introduced.

Nor was his taste less exquisite in the arts of *painting*, *sculpture*, and *architecture*. In his travels, he had seen all the most celebrated monuments of antiquity, and the best productions of modern art; and studied them so minutely, and with so true a judgment, that in some of his descriptions, in the poem of *Liberty*, we have the master-pieces, there mentioned, placed in a stronger light perhaps than if we saw them with our eyes; at least more justly delineated than in any other account extant: so superior is a natural taste of the *grand* and *beautiful*, to the traditional lessons of a common *virtuoso*. His collection of prints, and some drawings from the antique, are now in the possession of his friend Mr. *Gray* of *Richmond-Hill*.

As for his more distinguishing qualities of *mind* and *heart*, they are better represented in his writings, than can be by the pen of any biographer. There, his love of mankind, of his country and friends; his devotion to the *Supreme Being*, founded on the most elevated and just conceptions of his operations and providence, hine out in every page. So unbounded was his tendernes of heart, that it took in even the brute creation: judge what it must have been towards his

## XXII THE LIFE OF MR. JAMES THOMSON.

own species. He is not indeed known, through his whole life, to have given any person one moment's pain, by his writings, or otherwise. He took no part in the poetical squabbles which happened in his time; and was respected and left undisturbed by both sides. He would even refuse to take offence when he justly might; by interrupting any personal story that was brought him, with some jest, or some humorous apology for the offender. Nor was he ever seen ruffled or discomposed, but when he read or heard of some flagrant instance of injustice, oppression, or cruelty: then, indeed, the strongest marks of horror and indignation were visible in his countenance.

These amiable virtues, this divine temper of mind, did not fail of their due reward. His friends loved him with an enthusiastic ardor, and lamented his untimely fate in a manner that is still fresh in every one's memory; the best and greatest men of his time honoured him with their friendship and protection; the applause of the Public attended every appearance he made; the actors, of whom the more eminent were his friends and admirers, grudging no pains to do justice to his tragedies. At present indeed, if we except *Tancred*, they are seldom called for; the simplicity of his plots, and the models he worked after, not suiting the reigning taste, nor the impatience of an *English* theatre. They may hereafter come to be in vogue; but we hazard no comment or conjecture upon them, or upon any part of Mr. Thomson's works: neither need they any defence or apology, after the reception they have had at home, and in the foreign languages into which they have been translated. We shall only say, that, to judge from the imitations of his *manner*, which have been following him close, from the very first publication of *Winter*, he seems to have fixed no inconsiderable æra of the *English* poetry.

O D E  
ON THE  
DEATH of Mr. THOMSON.  
By Mr. C O L L I N S.

(The scene of the following stanzas is supposed to lie  
on the *Thames* near *Richmond*.)

**I**N yonder grave a Druid lies  
Where slowly winds the stealing wave!  
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise  
To deck its Poet's sylvan grave!

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds  
His airy harp \* shall now be laid,  
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,  
May love thro' life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,  
And while its sounds at distance swell,  
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear,  
To hear the Woodland Pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore  
When Thames in summer wreaths is dressed,  
And oft suspend the dashing oar  
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

\* The harp of AEOLUS, of which see a description in the CASTLE  
of INDOLENCE.

And oft as Ease and Health retire  
 To breezy lawn, or forest deep,  
 The friend shall view yon whitening spire \*,  
 And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But Thou, who own'st that earthy bed,  
 Ah! what will every dirge avail?  
 Or tears which Love and Pity shed  
 That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye,  
 Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimin'ring near?  
 With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,  
 And Joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, Iorn stream, whose sullen tide  
 No fedge-crown'd Sisters now attend,  
 Now waft me from the green hill's side  
 Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see the fairy valleys fade,  
 Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!  
 Yet once again, dear parted shade,  
 Meek Natur's Child, again adieu!

The genial meads affign'd to bless  
 Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom,  
 Their hinds, and shepherd-girls shall dress  
 With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay,  
 Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes,  
 O! vales, and wild woods, shall he say,  
 In yonder grave Your Druid lies!

A N  
E S S A Y  
O N T H E  
P L A N A N D C H A R A C T E R  
O F  
*T H O M S O N's S E A S O N S.*

卷之三

# 丁巳年夏月

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A N

E S S A Y

ON THE

P L A N A N D C H A R A C T E R

O F

*T H O M S O N's S E A S O N S.*

WHEN a work of art to masterly execution adds novelty of design, it demands not only a cursory admiration, but such a mature enquiry into the principles upon which it has been formed, as may determine how far it deserves to be received as a model for future attempts in the same walk. Originals are always rare productions. The performances of artists in general, even of those who stand high in their respective classes, are only imitations; which have more or less merit, in proportion to the degree of skill and judgment with which they copy originals more or less excellent. A good original, therefore, forms an æra in the art itself; and the history of every art divides itself into periods comprehending the intervals between the appearance of different approved originals. Sometimes, indeed, various models of a very different cast may exercise the talents of imitators during a single period; and this will more frequently be the case, as arts become more generally known and studied; difference of taste being always the result of liberal and varied pursuit.

How

How strongly these periods are marked in the history of Poetry, both antient and modern, a cursory view will suffice to shew. The scarcity of originals here is universally acknowledged and lamented, and the present race of poets are thought particularly chargeable with this defect. It ought, however, to be allowed in their favour, that if genius has declined, taste has improved; and that if they imitate more, they choose better models to copy after.

THAT THOMSON'S SEASONS is the original whence our modern descriptive poets have derived that more elegant and correct style of painting natural objects which distinguishes them from their immediate predecessors, will, I think, appear evident to one who examines their several casts and manners. That none of them, however, have yet equalled their master; and that his performance is an exquisite piece, replete with beauties of the most engaging and delightful kind; will be sensibly felt by all of congenial taste: — and perhaps no poem was ever composed which addressed itself to the feelings of a greater number of readers. It is, therefore, on every account an object well worthy the attention of criticism; and an enquiry into the peculiar nature of its plan and the manner of its execution may be an agreeable introduction to a re-perusal of it in the elegant edition now offered to the public.

THE description of such natural objects as by their beauty, grandeur, or novelty agreeably impress the imagination, has at all times been a principal and favourite occupation of Poetry. Various have been the methods in which such descriptions have been introduced. They have been made subservient to the purposes of ornament and illustration, in the more elevated and abstracted kinds of Poetry, by being used as objects of similitude. They have constituted a pleasing and necessary part of epic narration, when employed in forming a scenery suitable to the events. The simple tale of pastoral life could scarcely

scarcely without their aid be rendered in any degree interesting. The precepts of an art, and the systems of philosophers, depend upon the adventitious ornaments afforded by them for almost every thing which can render them fit subjects for poetry.

THUS intermixed as they are with almost all, and essential to some species of poetry, it was, however, thought that they could not legitimately constitute the whole, or even the principal part, of a capital piece. Something of a more solid nature was required as the groundwork of a poetical fabric; *pure description* was opposed to *sense*; and binding together the wild flowers which grew obvious to common sight and touch, was deemed a trifling and unprofitable amusement.

SUCH was the state of critical opinion, when Thomson published, in succession, but not in their present order,\* the pieces which compose his *Seasons*; the first capital work in which natural description was professedly the principal object. To paint the face of nature as changing through the changing seasons; to mark the approaches, and trace the progress of these vicissitudes, in a series of landscapes all formed upon images of grandeur or beauty; and to give animation and variety to the whole by interspersing manners and incidents suitable to the scenery; appears to be the general design of this Poem. Essentially different from a didactic piece, its *business* is to describe, and the occupation of its *leisure* to teach. And as in the *Georgics*, whenever the poet has, for a while, borne away by the warmth of fancy, wandered through the flowery wilds of description, he suddenly checks himself, and returns to the toils of the husbandman; so

Thomson,

\* They appeared in the following order; *Winter*, *Summer*, *Spring*, *Autumn*.

Thomson, in the midst of his delightful lessons of morality, and affecting relations, recurs to a view of that state of the season which introduced the digression.

IT is an attention to this leading idea, that in this piece there is a progressive series of descriptions, all tending to a certain point, and all parts of a general plan, which alone can enable us to range through the vast variety and quick succession of objects presented in it, with any clear conception of the writer's method, or true judgment concerning what may be regarded as forwarding his main purpose, or as merely ornamental deviation. The particular elucidation of this point will constitute the principal part of the present Essay.

ALTHOUGH each of the *Seasons* appears to have been intended as a complete piece, and contains within itself the natural order of beginning, middle, and termination, yet, as they were at length collected and modelled by their author, they have all a mutual relation to each other, and concur in forming a more comprehensive whole. The annual space in which the earth performs its revolution round the sun, is so strongly marked by nature for a perfect period, that all mankind have agreed in forming their computations of time upon it. In all the temperate climates of the globe, the four seasons are so many progressive stages in this circuit, which, like the acts in a well-constructed drama, gradually disclose, ripen, and bring to an end the various business transacted on the great theatre of nature. The striking analogy which this period with its several divisions bears to the course of human existence, has been remarked and pursued by writers of all ages and countries. Spring has been represented as the youth of the years — the season of pleasing hope, lively energy, and rapid increase. Summer has been resembled to perfect manhood — the season of steady warmth, confirmed strength, and

and unremitting vigour. Autumn, which while it bestows the rich products of full maturity, is yet ever hastening to decline, has been aptly compared to that period, when the man, mellowed by age, yields the most valuable fruits of experience and wisdom, but daily exhibits increasing symptoms of decay. The cold, cheerless, and sluggish Winter has almost without a metaphor been termed the decrepid and hoary old age of the year, pursued through its changing seasons, is that of an individual, whose existence is marked by a progressive course from its origin to its termination. It is thus represented by our Poet; this idea preserves an unity and connexion through his whole work; and the accurate observer will remark a beautiful chain of circumstances in his description, by which the birth, vigour, decline, and extinction of the vital principle of the year are pictured in the most lively manner.

THIS order and gradation of the whole runs, as has been already hinted, through each division of the poem. Every season has its incipient, confirmed, and receding state, of which its historian ought to give distinct views, arranged according to the succession in which they appear. Each, too, like the prismatic colours, is indistinguishably blended in its origin and termination with that which precedes, and which follows it; and it may be expected from the pencil of an artist to hit off these mingled shades so as to produce a pleasing and picturesque effect. Our Poet has not been inattentive to these circumstances in the conduct of his plan. His *Spring* begins with a view of the season as yet unconfirmed, and partaking of the roughness of Winter; \* and it is not till after several steps in gradual progression, that it breaks forth  
in

\* A descriptive piece, in which this very interval of time is represented, with all the accuracy of a naturalist, and vivid colouring of a poet, has lately appeared in a poem of Mr. Warton's, entitled *the first of April*.

in all its ornaments, as the favourite of Love and Pleasure. His *Autumn*, after a rich prospect of its bounties and splendours, gently fades into “the sere, the yellow leaf,” and with the lengthened night, the clouded sun, and the rising storm, sinks into the arms of Winter. It is remarkable, that in order to produce something of a similar effect in his *Summer*, a season which, on account of its uniformity of character, does not admit of any strongly-marked gradations, he has comprised the whole of his description within the limits of a single day, pursuing the course of the sun from its rising to its setting. A Summer’s day is, in reality, a just model of the entire season. Its beginning is moist and temperate; its middle, sultry and parching; its close, soft and refreshing. By thus exhibiting all the vicissitudes of Summer under one point of view, they are rendered much more striking than could have been done in a series of feebly contrasted and scarcely distinguishable periods.

WITH this idea of the general plan of the whole work, and of its several parts, we proceed to take a view of the various subjects composing the descriptive series of which it principally consists.

EVERY grand and beautiful appearance in Nature, that distinguishes one portion of the annual circuit from another, is a proper source of materials for the *Poet of the Seasons*. Of these, some are obvious to the common observer, and require only justness and elegance of taste for the selection: others discover themselves only to the mind opened and enlarged by science and philosophy. All the knowledge we acquire concerning natural objects by such a train of observation and reasoning as merits the appellation of science, is comprehended under the two divisions of *natural philosophy* and *natural history*. Both of these may be employed to

advantage

advantage in descriptive poetry: for although it be true, that poetical composition, being rather calculated for amusement than instruction, and addressing itself to the many who feel, rather than to the few who reason, is improperly occupied about the abstruse and argumentative parts of a science; yet, to reject those grand and beautiful ideas which a philosophical view of Nature offers to the mind, merely because they are above the comprehension of vulgar readers, is surely an unnecessary degradation of this noble art. Still more narrow and unreasonable is that critical precept, which, in conformity to the received notion that fiction is the soul of poetry, obliges the poet to adopt antient errors in preference to modern truths; and this even where truth has the advantage in point of poetical effect. In fact, modern philosophy is as much superior to the antient in sublimity as in solidity; and the most vivid imagination cannot paint to itself scenes of grandeur equal to those which cool science and demonstration offer to the enlightened mind. Objects so vast and magnificent as planets rolling with even pace through their orbits, comets rushing along their devious track, light springing from its unexhausted source, mighty rivers formed in their subterranean beds, do not require, or even admit, a heightening from the fancy. The most faithful pencil here produces the noblest pictures; and Thomson, by strictly adhering to the character of the *poet of Nature*, has treated all these topics with a true sublimity, which a writer of less knowledge and accuracy could never have attained. The strict propriety with which subjects from Astronomy and the other parts of Natural Philosophy are introduced into a poem describing the changes of the Seasons, need not be insisted on, since it is obvious that the primary cause of all these changes is to be sought in principles derived from these sciences. They are the ground-work of the whole; and establish that connected series of

cause

cause and effect, upon which all those appearances in Nature depend, from whence the descriptive poet draws his materials.

NATURAL HISTORY, in its most extensive signification, includes every observation relative to the distinctions, resemblances, and changes of all the bodies, both animate and inanimate, which Nature offers to us. These observations, however, deserve to be considered as part of a science only when they refer to some general truth, and form a link of that vast chain which connects all created being in one grand system. It was my attempt in an Essay lately published, \* to shew how necessary a more accurate and scientific survey of natural objects than has usually been taken, was to the avoiding the common defects, and attaining the highest beauties of descriptive poetry; and some of the most striking examples of excellence arising from this source were extracted from the poem now before us. It will be unnecessary here to recapitulate the substance of these remarks, or to mark out singly the several passages of our author which display his talents for description to the greatest advantage. Our present design rather requires such a general view of the materials he has collected, and the method in which he has arranged them, as may shew in what degree they forward and coincide with the plan of his work.

THE correspondence between certain changes in the animal and vegetable tribes, and those revolutions of the heavenly bodies which produce the vicissitudes of the Seasons, is the foundation of an alliance between Astronomy and Natural History, that equally demands attention as a matter of curious speculation, and of practical utility. The astronomical calendar, filled up by the Naturalist, is a combination

of

\* *Essay on the Application of Natural History to Poetry.*

of science, at the same time pregnant with important instruction to the husbandman, and fertile in grand and pleasing objects to the poet and philosopher. Thomson seems constantly to have kept in view a combination of this kind; and to have formed from it such an idea of the *economy of Nature*, as enabled him to preserve a regularity of method and uniformity of design through all the variety of his descriptions. We shall attempt to draw out a kind of historical narrative of his progress through the Seasons, as far as this order is observable.

SPRING is characterized as the season of the renovation of Nature; in which animals and vegetables, excited by the kindly influence of returning warmth, shake off the torpid inaction of Winter, and prepare for the continuance and increase of their several species. The vegetable tribes, as more independent and self-provided, lead the way in this progress. The poet, accordingly, begins with representing the reviviscent plants emerging, as soon as genial showers have softened the ground, in numbers "beyond the power "of botanist to reckon up their tribes.,, The opening blossoms and flowers soon call forth from their winter retreats those industrious insects which derive sustenance from their nectareous juices. As the beams of the sun become more potent, the larger vegetables, shrubs and trees, unfold their leaves; and as soon as a friendly concealment is by their means provided for the various nations of the feathered race, they joyfully begin the course of laborious, but pleasing occupations, which are to engage them during the whole season. The delightful series of pictures, so truly expressive of that genial spirit that pervades the Spring, which Thomson has formed on the variety of circumstances attending the *passion of the groves*, cannot escape the notice and admiration of the most negligent eye. Affected by the same soft

influence, and equally indebted to the renewed vegetable tribes for food and shelter, the several kinds of quadrupeds are represented as concurring in the celebration of this charming Season with conjugal and parental rites. Even Man himself, though from his social condition less under the dominion of physical necessities, is properly described as partaking of the general ardour. Such is the order and connexion of this whole book, that it might well pass for a commentary upon a most beautiful passage in the philosophical poet Lucretius; who certainly wanted nothing but a better system and more circumscribed subject, to have appeared as one of the greatest masters of description in either antient or modern poetry. Reasoning on the unperishable Nature, and perpetual circulation, of the particles of matter, he deduces all the delightful appearances of Spring from the seeds of fertility which descend in the vernal showers.

— pereunt imbræ, ubi eos pater Æther  
 In gremium matris Terræ precipitavit.  
 At nitidæ surgunt fruges, ramique virescunt  
 Arboribus; crescent ipsæ, fætueque gravantur;  
 Hinc alitnr porro nostrum genus atque ferarum:  
 Hinc lætas urbeis pueris florere videmus,  
 Frundiferasque novis avibus canere undique sylvas.  
 Hinc fessæ pecudes pingues per pabula læta  
 Corpora deponunt, & candens lacteus humor  
 Überibus manat distentis; hinc nova proles  
 Artibus infirmis teneras lasciva per herbas  
 Ludit, lacte inero menteis percussa novellas.

*Lib. I. 251, &c.*

The rains are loft, when Jove descends in showers  
 Soft on the bosom oft the parent earth:  
 But springs the shining grain; their verdant robe  
 The trees resume; they grow, and pregnant bend  
 Beneath their fertile load: hence kindly food  
 The living tribes receive; the cheerful town  
 Beholds its joyous bands of flowering youth;

With

With new-born songs the leafy groves resound;  
 The full-fed flocks amid the laughing meads  
 Their weary bodies lay, while wide-distant  
 The plenteous udder teems with milky juice;  
 And o'er the grass, as their young hearts beat high,  
 Swell'd by the pure and generous streams they drain,  
 Frolic the wanton lambs with joints infirm.

THE period of SUMMER is marked by fewer and less striking changes in the face of Nature. A soft and pleasing languor, interrupted only by the gradual progression of the vegetable and animal tribes towards their state of maturity, forms the leading character of this Season. The active fermentation of the juices, which the first access of genial warmth had excited, now subsides: and the increasing heats rather inspire faintness and inaction than lively exertions. The insect race alone seem animated with peculiar vigour under the more direct influence of the sun; and are therefore with equal truth and advantage introduced by the Poet to enliven the silent and drooping scenes presented by the other forms of animal Nature. As this source, however, together with whatever else our summers afford, is insufficient to furnish novelty and business enough for this act of the drama of the year, the Poet judiciously opens a new field, profusely fertile in objects suited to the glowing colours of descriptive poetry. By an easy and natural transition, he quits the chastized summer of our temperate clime for those regions where a perpetual summer reigns, exalted by such superior degrees of solar heat as give an entirely new face to almost every part of Nature. The terrific grandeur prevalent in some of these, the exquisite richness and beauty in others, and the novelty in all, afford such a happy variety for the poet's selection, that we need not wonder if some of his noblest pieces are the product of this delightful excursion. He returns, however, with apparent satisfaction to take a

last survey of the softer summer of our island; and after closing the prospect of terrestrial beauties, artfully shifts the scene to celestial splendors, which, though perhaps not more striking in this season than in some of the others, are now alone agreeable objects of contemplation in a northern climate.

AUTUMN is too eventful a period in the history of the year within the temperate parts of the globe, to require foreign aid for rendering it more varied and interesting. The promise of the Spring is now fulfilled. The silent and gradual process of maturation is completed; and Human Industry beholds with triumph the rich products of its toil. The vegetable tribes disclose their infinitely various forms of *fruit*; which term, while, with respect to common use it is confined to a few peculiar modes of fructification, in the more comprehensive language of the Naturalist includes every product of vegetation by which the rudiments of a future progeny are developed, and separated from the parent plant. These are in part collected and stored up by those animals for whose sustenance during the ensuing sleep of Nature they are provided. The rest, furnished with various contrivances for dissemination, are scattered, by the friendly winds which now begin to blow, over the surface of that earth which they are to clothe and decorate. The young of the animal race, which Spring and Summer had brought forth and cherished, having now acquired sufficient vigour, quit their concealments, and offer themselves to the pursuit of the carnivorous among their fellow-animals, and of the great destroyer Man. Thus the scenery is enlivened with the various sports of the hunter; which, however repugnant they may appear to that system of general benevolence and sympathy which philosophy would inculcate, have ever afforded a most agreeable exertion to the human powers, and have much to plead

plead in their favour as a necessary part of the great plan of Nature. Indeed, she marks her intention with sufficient precision, by refusing to grant any longer those friendly shades which had grown for the protection of the infant offspring. The grove loses its honours; but before they are entirely tarnished, an adventitious beauty, arising from that gradual decay which loosens the withering leaf, gilds the autumnal landscape with a temporary splendour, superior to the verdure of Spring, or the luxuriance of Summer. The infinitely various and ever-changing hues of the leaves at this season, melting into every soft gradation of tint and shade, have long engaged the imitation of the painter, and are equally happy ornaments in the description of the poet.

THESE unvarying symptoms of approaching Winter now warn several of the winged tribes to prepare for their aerial voyage to those happy climates of perpetual summer, where no deficiency of food or shelter can ever distress them; and about the same time, other fowls of hardier constitution, which are contented with escaping the iron Winters of the arctic regions, arrive to supply the vacancy. Thus the striking scenes afforded by that wonderful part of the œconomy of Nature, the migration of birds, present themselves at this season to the poet. The thickening fogs, the heavy rains, the swollen rivers, while they deform this sinking period of the year, add new subjects to the pleasing variety which reigns throughout its whole course, and which justifies the Poet's character of it, as the season when the Muse "best exerts her voice.,,

WINTER, directly opposite as it is in other respects to Summer, yet resembles it in this, that it is a Season in which Nature is employed rather in secretly preparing for the mighty changes which it successively brings to light, than in the

actual exhibition of them. It is therefore a period equally barren of events; and has still less of animation than Summer, inasmuch as lethargic insensibility is a state more distant from vital energy than the languor of indolent repose. From the fall of the leaf, and withering of the herb, an unvarying death-like torpor oppresses almost the whole vegetable creation, and a considerable part of the animal, during this entire portion of the year. The whole insect race, which filled every part of the Summer landscape with life and motion, are now either buried in profound sleep, or actually no longer exist, except in the unformed rudiments of a future progeny. Many of the birds and quadrupeds are retired to concealments, from which not even the calls of hunger can force them; and the rest, intent only on the preservation of a joyless being, have ceased to exert those powers of pleasing, which, at other seasons, so much contribute to their mutual happiness, as well as to the amusement of their human sovereign. Their social connexions, however, are improved by their wants. In order the better to procure their scanty subsistence, and resist the inclemencies of the sky, they are taught by instinct to assemble in flocks; and this provision has the secondary effect of gratifying the spectator with something of novelty and action even in the dreariness of a wintry prospect.

BUT it is in the extraordinary changes and agitations which the elements, and the surrounding atmosphere undergo during this season, that the poet of nature must principally look for relief from the gloomy uniformity reigning through other parts of the creation. Here scenes are presented to his view, which, were they less frequent, must strike with wonder and admiration the most incurious spectator. The effects of cold are more sudden, and in many instances more extraordinary and unexpected than those of heat. He who has beheld the vegetable productions of even a northern Summer,

mer, will not be greatly amazed at the richer and more luxuriant, but still resembling, growths of the tropics. But one who has always been accustomed to view water in a liquid and colourless state, cannot form the least conception of the same element as hardened into an extensive plain of solid chrystral, or covering the ground with a robe of the purest white. The highest possible degree of astonishment must therefore attend the first view of these phenomena; and as in our temperate climate but a small portion of the year affords these spectacles, we find that, even here, they have novelty enough to excite emotions of agreeable surprize. But it is not to novelty alone that they owe their charms. Their intrinsic beauty is, perhaps, individually superiour to that of the gayest objects presented by the other seasons. Where is the elegance and brilliancy that can compare with that which decorates every tree or bush on the clear morning succeeding a night of hoar frost? or what is the lustre that would not appear dull and tarnished in competition with a field of snow just glazed over with frost? By the vivid description of such objects as these, contrasted with the savage sublimity of storms and tempests, our Poet has been able to produce a set of winter landscapes, as engaging to the fancy at the apparently happier scenes of genial warmth and verdure.

BUT he has not trusted entirely to these resources for combating the natural sterility of Winter. Repeating the pleasing artifice of his *Summer*, he has called in foreign aid, and has heightened the scenery with grandeur and horror not our own. The famished troops of wolves pouring from the Alps; the mountains of snow rolling down the precipices of the same regions; the dreary plains over which the Laplander urges his rein deer; the wonders of the icy sea, and volcanoes "flaming thro' a waste of snow;" are objects judiciously selected from all that Nature presents most singular and

striking in the various domains of boreal cold and wintry desolation.

THUS have we attempted to give a general view of those materials which constitute the ground-work of a poem on the Seasons; which are essential to its very nature; and on the proper arrangement of which its regularity and connexion depend. The extent of knowledge, as well as the powers of description, which Thomson has exhibited in this part of his work, is, on the whole, truly admirable; and though, with the present advanced taste for accurate observation in natural history, some improvements might be suggested, yet he certainly remains unrivalled in the list of descriptive poets.

BUT the rural landskip is not solely made up of land, and water, and trees, and birds, and beasts; *man* is a distinguished figure in it; his multiplied occupations and concerns introduce themselves into every part of it; he intermixes even in the wildest and rudest scenes, and throws a life and interest upon every surrounding object. *Manners* and *character* therefore constitute a part even of a descriptive poem; and in a plan so extensive as the history of the year, they must enter under various form, and upon numerous occasions.

THE most obvious and appropriated use of human figures in pictures of the Seasons, is the introduction of them to assist in marking out the succession of annual changes by their various labours and amusements. In common with other animals, man is directed in the diversified employment of earning a toilsome subsistence by an attention to the vicissitudes of the seasons; and all his diversions in the simple state of rustic society are also regulated by the same circumstance. Thus a series of moving figures enlivens the landskip, and contributes

to stamp on each scene its peculiar character. The shepherd, the husbandman, the hunter, appear in their turns; and may be considered as natural concomitants of that portion of the yearly round which prompts their several occupations.

BUT it is not only the bodily pursuits of man which are affected by these changes; the sensations and affections of his mind are almost equally under their influence: and the result of the whole, as forming the enamoured votary of Nature to a peculiar cast of character and manners, is not less conspicuous. Thus the Poet of the Seasons is at liberty, without deviating from his plan, to descant on the varieties of moral constitution, and the powers which external causes are found to possess over the temper of the soul. He may draw pictures of the pastoral life in all its genuine simplicity; and assuming the tone of a moral instructor, may contrast the peace and felicity of innocent retirement, with the turbulent agitations of ambition and avarice.

THE various incidents too, upon which the simple tale of rural events is founded, are very much modeled by the difference of seasons. The catastrophes of Winter differ from those of Summer; the sports of Spring from those of Autumn. Thus, little history pieces and adventures, whether pathetic or amusing, will suggest themselves to the Poet; which, when properly adapted to the scenery and circumstances, may very happily coincide with the main design of the composition.

THE bare enumeration of these several occasions of introducing draughts of human life and manners, will be sufficient to call to mind the admirable use which Thomson throughout his whole poem has made of them. He, in fact, never appears more truly inspired with his subject, than when giving

giving birth to those sentiments of tenderness and beneficence, which seem to have occupied his whole heart. An universal benevolence, extending to every part of the animal creation, manifests itself in almost every scene he draws; and the rural character, as delineated in his feelings, contains all the softness, purity, and simplicity that are feigned of the golden age. Yet, excellent as the moral and sentimental part of his work must appear to every congenial mind, it is, perhaps, that in which he may the most easily be rivalled. A refined and feeling heart may derive from its own proper sources a store of corresponding sentiment, which will naturally clothe itself in the form of expression best suited to the occasion. Nor does the invention of those simple incidents which are most adapted to excite the sympathetic emotions, require any stretch of fancy. The nearer they approach to common life, the more certainly will they produce their effect. Wonder and surprize are affections of so different a kind, and so distract the attention, that they never fail to diminish the force of the pathetic. On these accounts, writers much inferior in respect to the powers of description and imagery, have equalled our Poet in elegant and benevolent sentiment, and perhaps excelled him in interesting narration. Of these, it will be sufficient to mention the ingenious author of a French poem on the Seasons; who, though a mere copyist in the descriptive parts, has made many pleasing additions to the manners and incidents proper for such a composition.

BUT there is a strain of sentiment of a higher and more digressive Nature, with which Thomson has occupied a considerable portion of his poem. The fundamental principles of Moral Philosophy, ideas concerning the origin and progress of government and civilization, historical sketches, and reviews of the characters most famous in antient and modern history,

history, are interspersed through the various parts of the Seasons. The manly, liberal, and enlightened spirit which this writer breathes in all his works, must ever endear him to the friends of truth and virtue; and in particular, his genuine patriotism and zeal in the cause of liberty will render his writings always estimable to the British reader. But, just and important as his thoughts on these topics may be, there may remain a doubt in the breast of the critic, whether their introduction in a piece like this do not, in some instances, break in upon that unity of character which every work of art should support. We have seen, from the general plan and tenor of the poem, that it is professedly of the rural cast. The objects it is chiefly conversant with are those presented by the hand of Nature, not the products of human art; and when man himself is introduced as a part of the groupe, it would seem that, in conformity to the rest, he ought to be represented in such a state only, as the simplest forms of society, and most unconstrained situations in it, exhibit. Courts and cities, camps and senates, do not well accord with sylvan scenery. From the principle of congruity, therefore, a critic might be induced to reject some of these digressive ornaments, though intrinsically beautiful, and doubtless contributing to the elevation and variety of the piece. His judgment in this respect would be a good deal influenced by the manner of their introduction. In some instances this is so easy and natural, that the mind is scarcely sensible of the deviation; in others it is more abrupt and unartful. As examples of both, we may refer to the passages in which various characters from English, and from Grecian and Roman history, are displayed. The former, by a happy gradation, is introduced at the close of a delightful piece, containing the praises of Britain; which is itself a kind of digression, though a very apt and seasonable one. The latter has no other connexion with the part at which it is inserted,

than

than the very forced and distant one, that, as reading may be reckoned among the amusements appropriated to Winter, such subjects as these will naturally offer themselves to the studious mind.

THERE is another source of sentiment to the Poet of the Seasons, which, while it is superior to the last in real elevation, is also strictly connected with the Nature of his work. The genuine philosopher, while he surveys the grand and beautiful objects every where surrounding him, will be prompted to lift his eye to the great cause of all these wonders; the planner and architect of this mighty fabric; every minute part of which so much awakens his curiosity and admiration. The laws by which this being acts, the ends which he seems to have pursued, must excite his humble researches; and in proportion as he discovers infinite power in the means, directed by infinite goodness in the intention, his soul must be wrapt in astonishment, and expanded with gratitude. The *economy of Nature* will, to such an observer, be the perfect scheme of an all-wise and beneficent mind; and every part of the wide creation will appear to proclaim the praise of its great author. Thus a new connexion will manifest itself between the several parts of the universe; and a new order and design will be traced through the progress of its various revolutions.

THOMSON'S SEASONS is as eminently a religious, as it is a descriptive poem. Thoroughly impressed with sentiments of veneration for the author of that assemblage of order and beauty which it was his province to paint, he takes every proper occasion to excite similar emotions in the breast of his readers. Entirely free from the gloom of superstition and the narrowness of bigotry, he every where represents the Deity as the kind and beneficent parent of all his

his works, always watchful over their best interests, and from seeming evil still educating the greatest possible good to all his creatures. In every appearance of Nature he beholds the operation of a divine hand; and regards, according to his own emphatical phrase, each change throughout the revolving year as but the "varied God.,, This spirit, which breaks forth at intervals in each division of his poem, shines full and concentrated in that noble *hymn* which crowns the work. This piece, the sublimest production of its kind since the days of Milton, should be considered as the winding up of all the variety of matter and design contained in the preceding parts; and thus is not only admirable as a separate composition, but is contrived with masterly skill to strengthen the unity and connexion of the **GREAT WHOLE.**

THUS is planned and constructed a Poem, which founded as it is upon the unfading beauties of Nature, will live as long as the language in which it is written shall be read. If the perusal of it be in any respect rendered more interesting or instructive by this imperfect Essay, the purpose of the writer will be fully answered.

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SPRING.

S P R I N G.

A

## The ARGUMENT.

*The subject proposed. Inscribed to the Countess of HARTFORD. The Season is described as it affects the various parts of Nature, ascending from the lower to the higher; with digressions arising from the subject. Its influence on inanimate Matter, on Vegetables, on brute Animals, and last on Man; concluding with a dissuasive from the wild and irregular passion of Love, opposed to that of a pure and happy kind.*

---

## S P R I N G.

COME, gentle SPRING, ethereal Mildness, come,  
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,  
While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower  
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend!

O HARTFORD, fitted, or to shine in courts  
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain  
With innocence and meditation join'd  
In soft assemblage, listen to my song,  
Which thy own Season paints! when Nature all  
Is blooming, and benevolent like thee.

5

10

AND see where sultry WINTER passes off,  
Far to the north and calls his ruffian blasts:  
His blasts obey and quit the howling hill,  
The shatter'd forest, and the ravag'd vale;  
While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch,  
Disolving snows in livid torrents lost,  
The mountains lift their green heads to the sky.

15

As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,  
And WINTER oft at eve resumes the breeze,  
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets  
Deform the day delights; so that scarce

20

The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulph't,  
To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore  
The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath,  
And sing their wild notes to the listening waste.

25

AT last from *Aries* rolls the bounteous sun,  
And the bright *Bull* receives him. Then no more  
Th' expansive atmosphere is cramp'd with cold;  
But, full of life and vivifying soul,  
Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,  
Fleecy, and white, o'er all-surrounding heaven.

30

FORTH fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,  
Unbinding earth, the moving softnes strays.  
Joyous, th' impatient husbandman perceives  
Relenting nature, and his lusty steers  
Drives from their stalls, to where the well-us'd plow  
Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost.  
There, unrefusing to the harnes'd yoke,  
They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,  
Chear'd by the simple song and soaring lark.  
Meanwhile, incumbent o'er the shining share,  
The master leans, removes th' obstructing clay,  
Winds the whole work, and fidelong lays the glebe.

35

WHITE, thro' the neighbouring fields the sower stalks,  
With measur'd step; and liberal throws the grain  
Into the faithful bosom of the ground.  
The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.

45

BE gracious, *Heaven!* For now laborious man  
Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes, blow!  
Ye softening dews, ye tender showers, descend!  
And temper all, thou world - reviving sun,  
Into the perfect year! Nor ye, who live  
In luxury and ease, in pomp and pride,

50

Think

- Think these low scenes unworthy of your ear:  
Such themes as these the *rural* MARO sung                    55  
To wide-imperial *Rome*, in the full height  
Of elegance and taste, by *Greece* refin'd.  
In ancient times, the sacred plow employ'd  
The kings and awful fathers of mankind:  
And some, with whom compar'd, your insect-tribes            60  
Are but the beings of a summer's day,  
Have held the scale of empire, rul'd the storm  
Of mighty war; then, with unwearyed hand,  
Disdaining little delicacies, seiz'd  
The plow, and greatly independent liv'd                    65

YE generous BRITONS, venerate the plough!  
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,  
Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,  
Luxuriant, and unbounded! As the sea,  
Far thro' his azure turbulent domain,                    70  
Your empire owns, and from a thousand shores  
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;  
So with superior boon may your rich soil,  
Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour  
O'er every land, the naked nations cloathè,                    75  
And be th' exhaustless granary of a world!

NOR only thro' the lenient air this change,  
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative sun,  
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat  
Of vegetation, sets the steaming *Power*                    80  
At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth,  
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay *Green*!  
Thou smiling nature's universal robe!  
United light and shade! where the sight dwells  
With growing strength, and ever-new delight.                    85

FROM the moist meadow to the withered hill,  
 Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,  
 And swells, and deepens, to the cherish'd eye.  
 The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves  
 Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees, 90  
 Till the whole leafy forest stands display'd,  
 In full luxuriance, to the sighing gales:  
 Where the deer rustle thro' the twining brake,  
 And the birds sing conceal'd. At once, array'd  
 In all the colours of the flushing year, 95  
 By nature's swift and secret-working hand,  
 The garden glows, and fills the liberal air  
 With lavish fragrance; while the promis'd fruit  
 Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,  
 Within its crimson folds. Now from the town, 100  
 Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisom damps,  
 Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,  
 Where freshness breathes, and dash the trembling drops  
 From the bent bush, as thro' the verdant maze  
 Of sweet-briar hedges I pursue my walk: 105  
 Or taste the smell of dairy; or ascend  
 Some eminence, AUGUSTA, in thy plains,  
 And see the country, far-diffus'd around,  
 One boundless blush, one white-empurpled show'r  
 Of mingled blossoms; where the raptured eye 110  
 Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath  
 The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

IF, brush'd from *Russian* wilds, a cutting gale  
 Rise not, and scatter from his humid wings  
 The clammy mildew; or, dry-blown, breathe 115  
 Untimely frost; before whose baleful blast  
 The full-blown Spring thro' all her foliage shrinks,  
 Joyless and dead, a wide-dejected waste.

For

For oft, engender'd by the hazy North,  
 Myriads on myriads, insect armies warp      120  
 Keen in the poison'd breeze; and wasteful eat,  
 Thro' buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,  
 Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft  
 The sacred sons of vengeance, on whose course  
 Corrosive famine waits, and kills the year.      125  
 To check this plague the skilful farmer chaff,  
 And blazing straw, before his orchard burns;  
 Till, all involv'd in smoke, the latent foe  
 From every cranny suffocated falls:  
 Or scatters o'er the blooms the pungent dust      130  
 Of pepper, fatal to the frosty tribe:  
 Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,  
 With sprinkled water drowns them in their nest:  
 Nor, while they pick them up with busy bill,  
 The little trooping birds unwisely scares.      135

BE patient, swains; these cruel-seeming winds  
 Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep, repress'd,  
 Those deep'ning clouds on clouds, surcharg'd with rain,  
 That o'er the vast *Atlantic* hither borne,  
 In endless train, would quench the summer blaze,      140  
 And, chearles, drown de crude unripen'd year.

THE north-east spends his rage; he now, shut up  
 Within his iron caves, th' effusive south  
 Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven  
 Breathes the big clouds with vernal showrs distent.      145  
 At first a dusky wreath they seem to rise,  
 Scarce staining ether; but by swift degrees,  
 In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour fails  
 Along the loaded sky, and mingling deep  
 Sits on th' horizon round a settled gloom:      150  
 Not such as wintry storms on mortals shed,

Oppressing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,  
 And full of every hope and every joy,  
 The wish of nature. Gradual, sinks the breeze,  
 Into a perfect calm; that not a breath  
 Is heard to quiver thro' the closing woods,  
 Or rustling turn the many-twinkling-leaves  
 Of aspin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd  
 In glassy breadth, seem thro' delusive lapse  
 Forgetful of their course. 'Tis silence all,  
 And pleasing expectation. Herds and flocks  
 Drop the dry sprig, and mute-imploring eye  
 The falling verdure. Hush'd in short suspense,  
 The plamy people streak their wings with oil,  
 To throw the lucid moisture trickling off;  
 And wait th' appoaching sign to strike at once,  
 Into the general choir. Ev'n mountains, vales,  
 And forests seem, impatient, to demand  
 The promis'd sweetness. Man superior walks  
 Amid the glad creation, musing praise,  
 And looking lively gratitude. At last,  
 The clouds consign their treasures to the fields;  
 And, softly shaking on the dimpled pool  
 Prelusive drops, let all their moisture flow,  
 In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world.  
 The stealing show'r is scarce to patter heard,  
 By such as wander thro' the forest-walks,  
 Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.  
 But who can hold the shade, while heaven descends  
 In universal bounty, shedding herbs,  
 And fruits and flow'rs on nature's ample lap?  
 Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;  
 And, while the milky nutriment distills,  
 Beholds the kindling country colour round.

155

160

165

170

175

180

- THUS all day long the full-distended clouds  
Indulge their genial stores, and well-showr'd earth      185  
Is deep enrich'd with vegetable life;  
Till, in the western sky, the downward sun  
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flush  
Of broken clouds, gay-shifting to his beam.      190  
The rapid radiance instantaneous strikes  
Th' illumin'd mountain, thro' the forest streams,  
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow mist,  
Far smoaking o'er th' interminable plain,  
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.      195  
Moist, bright, and green, the landskip laughs around.  
Full swell the woods; their every music wakes,  
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks  
Increas'd, the distant bleatings of the hills,  
And hollow lows responsive from the vales,      200  
Whence blending all the sweeten'd zephyr springs.  
Meantime refracted from yon eastern cloud,  
Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal bow  
Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,  
In fair proportion running from the red,      205  
To where the violet fades into the sky.  
Here, awful NEWTON, the dissolving clouds  
Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;  
And to the sage-instructed eye unfold  
The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd  
From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy:      210  
He wond'ring views the bright enchantment bend,  
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs  
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd  
Beholds th' amusive arch before him fly,  
Then vanish quite away. Still night succeeds,      215  
A softened shade, and saturated earth  
Awaits the morning-beam to give to light,

Rais'd thro' ten thousand different plastic tubes,  
The balmy treasures of the former day.

220

THEN spring the living herbs, profusely wild,  
O'er all the deep green earth, beyond the power  
Of botanist to number up their tribes:  
Whether he steals along the lonely dale,  
In silent search; or thro' the forest, rank  
With what the dull incurious weeds account,  
Bursts his blind way; or climbs the mountain-rock,  
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.  
With such a liberal hand has nature flung  
Their seeds abroad, blown them about in winds,  
Innumerous mix'd them with the nursing mold,  
The moistening current, and prolific rain.

225

230

BUT who their virtues can declare? Who pierce  
With vision pure, into these secret stores  
Of health, and life, and joy? The food of man,  
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told  
A length of golden years; unflesh'd in blood,  
A stranger to the savage arts of life;  
Death, rapine, carnage, surfeit, and disease;  
The Lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.

235

240

THE first fresh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race  
Of uncorrupted man, nor blush'd to see  
The sluggard sleep beneath its sacred beam:  
For their light slumbers gently fum'd away;  
And up they rose as vigorous as the sun,  
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,  
Or to the chearful tendance of the flock.  
Meantime the song went round; and dance and sport,  
Wisdom and friendly talk, successive, stole  
Their hours away: while in the rosy vale

245

250

Love

Love breath'd his infant sighs, from anguish free,  
And full replete with bliss; save the sweet pain,  
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.

Nor yet injurious act, nor surly deed,  
Was known among those happy sons of Heaven;      255  
For reason and benevolence were law.

Harmonious Nature too look'd smiling on.  
Clear shone the skies, cool'd with eternal gales,  
And balmy spirit all. The youthful sun  
Shot his best rays, and still the gracious clouds      260  
Dropt fatness down; as o'er the swelling mead,  
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd secure.  
This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,  
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart  
Was meeken'd, and he join'd his full joy.      265

For music held the whole in perfect peace:  
Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,  
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round  
Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd  
In consonance. Such were those prime of days.      270

BUT now those white unblemish'd manners, whence  
The fabling poets took their golden age,  
Are found no more amid these iron times,  
These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind  
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,      275  
Which forms the soul of happiness; and all  
Is off the poise within: the passions all  
Have burst their bounds; and reason half extinct,  
Or impotent, or else approving, fees  
The foul disorder. Senseless and deform'd  
Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale,  
And silent, settles into fell revenge.  
Base envy withers at another's joy,  
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.

Despon-

- Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full, 285  
 Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.  
 Even love itself is bitterness of soul,  
 A pensive anguish pining at the heart;  
 Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more  
 That noble wish, that never cloy'd-desire, 290  
 Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone  
 To bless the dearer object of its flame.  
 Hope sickens with extravagance; and grief,  
 Of life impatient, into madness swells;  
 Or in dead silence wastes the weeping hours. 295  
 These, and a thousand mix'd emotions more,  
 From ever-changing views of good and ill,  
 Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind  
 With endless storms: whence, deeply rankling, grows  
 The partial thought, a listless unconcern, 300  
 Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;  
 Then dark disgust, and hatred, winding wiles,  
 Coward deceit, and ruffian violence:  
 At last, extinct each social feeling, fell  
 And joyless inhumanity pervades 305  
 And petrifies the heart. Nature disturb'd  
 Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her course.

HENCE in old dusky time, a deluge came:  
 When the deep-cleft disparting orb, that arch'd  
 The central waters round, impetuons rush'd, 310  
 With universal burst, into the gulph,  
 And o'er te high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth  
 Wide dash'd the waves, in undulation vast;  
 Till, from the center to the streaming clouds,  
 A shoreless ocean tumbled round the globe. 315

THE Seasons since have, with severer sway,  
 Oppress'd a broken world: the Winter keen

Shook forth his waste of snows; and Summer shot  
His pestilential heats. Great Spring, before,  
Green'd all the year: and fruits and blossoms blusht,  
In social sweetnes, on the self-same bough. 320

Pure was the temperate air; an even calm  
Perpetual reign'd, save what the zephyrs bland  
Breath'd o'er the blue expanse; for then nor storms  
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage; 325

Sound slept the waters; no sulphureous glooms  
Swell'd in the sky, and sent the lightening forth;  
While sickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,  
Hung not, relaxing, on the springs of life.

But now, of turbid elements the sport,  
From clear to cloudy tost, from hot to cold,  
And dry to moist, with inward-eating change,  
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought; 330

Their period finish'd ere 'tis well begun.

AND yet the wholesome herb neglected dies; 335  
Though with the pure exhilarating soul  
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,  
Beyond the search of art; 'tis copious blest.  
For, with hot ravine fir'd, insanguin'd Man  
Is now become the lion of the plain, 340  
And worse. The wolf, who from the nightly fold  
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,  
Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the steer,  
At whose strong chest the deadly tyger hangs,  
E'er plow'd for him. They too are temper'd high, 345  
With hunger stung and wild necessity,  
Nor lodges pity in their shaggy breast.  
But *Man*, whom nature form'd of milder clay,  
With every kind emotion in his heart,  
And taught alone to weep; while from her lap 350  
And

She pours ten thousand delicacies, herbs,  
 And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain,  
 Or beams that gave them birth: shall he, fair form !  
 Who wears sweet smiles, and looks erect on heaven,  
 E'er stoop to mingle with the prowling herd, 355  
 And dip his tongue in gore? The beast of prey,  
 Blood-stain'd, deserves to bleed; but you, ye flocks  
 What have you done; ye peaceful people, what,  
 To merit death? you, who have given us milk  
 In luscious streams, and lent us your own coat 360  
 Against the winter's cold? And the plain ox,  
 That harmless, honest, guileless animal,  
 In what has he offended? he whose toil,  
 Patient and ever-ready, clothes the land  
 With all the pomp of harvest? shall he bleed, 365  
 And struggling groan beneath the cruel hands  
 Even of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,  
 To swell the riot of th' autumnal feast  
 Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart  
 Would tenderly suggest: but 'tis enough, 370  
 In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd  
 Light on the numbers of the *Samian* sage.  
 High HEAVEN forbids the bold presumptuous strain,  
 Whose wisest will has fix'd us in a state  
 That must not yet to pure perfection rise. 375

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,  
 Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away;  
 And, whitening, down their mossy tinctur'd stream  
 Descends the billowy foam: now is the time  
 While yet the dark brown water aids the guile, 380  
 To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,  
 The rod fine-tapering with elastic spring,  
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,

And

- And all thy slender watry stores prepare.  
 But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm, 385  
 Convulsive, twist in agonizing folds;  
 Which, by rapacious hunger swallow'd deep,  
 Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breast  
 Of the weak helpless uncomplaining wretch,  
 Harsh pain and horror to the tender hand. 390

- WHEN with his lively ray the potent sun  
 Has pierc'd the streams, and rouz'd the finny race,  
 Then, issuing chearful, to thy sport repair;  
 Chief should the western breezes curling play,  
 And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds. 395  
 High to their fount, this day, amid the hills,  
 And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks:  
 The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze,  
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave,  
 Their little naiads love to sport at large. 400  
 Just in the dubious point, where with the pool  
 Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils  
 Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank  
 Reverted plays in undulating flow,  
 There throw, nice-judging, the delusive fly; 405  
 And as you lead it round in artful curve,  
 With eye attentive mark the springing game.  
 Strait as above the surface of the flood  
 They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,  
 Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook: 410  
 Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,  
 And to the shelving shore flow-dragging some,  
 With various hand proportion'd to their force.  
 If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,  
 A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod, 415  
 Him, piteous of his youth and the short space

He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,  
 Soft disengage, and back into the stream  
 The speckled captive throw. But should you lure  
 From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots  
 Of pendant trees, the monarch of the brook,  
 Behoves you then to ply your finest art.

Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly;  
 And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft  
 The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear.

At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun  
 Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death,  
 With sudden plunge. At once he darts along,  
 Deep struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line.  
 Then seeks the farthest ooze, the sheltering weed,  
 The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode;

And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,  
 Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,  
 That feels him still, yet to his furious course  
 Gives way, you, now retiring, following now  
 Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage:  
 Till floating broad upon his breathles side,  
 And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore  
 You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

THUS pass the temperate hours: but when the sun  
 Shakes from his noon-day throne the scatt'ring clouds,  
 Even shooting listless languor thro' the deeps;  
 Then seek the bank where flowering elders croud,  
 Where scatter'd wide the lily of the vale  
 Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang  
 The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,  
 With all the lowly children of the shade:  
 Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash,  
 Hung o'er the steep; whence, borne on liquid wing,

420

425

430

435

440

445

The

- The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk, 450  
 High, in the beetling cliff, his airy builds.  
 There let the classic page thy fancy lead  
 Thro' rural scenes; such as the *Mantuan* swain  
 Paints in the matchless harmony of song.  
 Or catch thyself the landskip, gliding swift 455  
 Athwart imagination's vivid eye:  
 Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,  
 And lost in lonely musing, in the dream,  
 Confus'd, of careless solitude, where mix  
 Ten thousand wandering images of things, 460  
 Soothe every gust of passion 'into peace;  
 All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,  
 That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.
- BEHOLD yon breathing prospect bids the Muse  
 Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint 465  
 Like Nature? Can imagination boast,  
 Amid it's gay creation, hues like her's?  
 Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,  
 And lose them in each other, as appears  
 In every bud that blows? If fancy then 470  
 Unequal fails beneath the pleasing task,  
 Ah what shall language do? Ah where find words  
 Ting'd with so many colours; and whose power,  
 To life approaching, may perfume my lays  
 With that fine oil, those aromatic gales, 475  
 That inexhaustive flow continual round?
- YET, tho' successless, will the toil delight.  
 Come then, ye virgins, and ye youths, whose hearts  
 Have felt the raptures of refining love:  
 And thou, AMANDA, come, pride of my song! 480  
 Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!  
 Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,

Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,  
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,  
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:  
Oh come! and while the rosy-footed May  
Steals blushing on, together let us tread  
The morning-dews, and gather in their prime  
Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair  
And thy lov'd bosom, that improves their sweets.

485

SEE, where the winding vale its lavish stores,  
Irrigous, spreads. See, how the lilly drinks  
The latent rill, scarce oozing thro' the grass,  
Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,  
In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,  
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field  
Of blossom'd beans. *Arabia* cannot boast  
A fuller gale of joy, than liberal, thence  
Breathes thro' the sence, and takes the ravish'd soul.  
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,  
Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,  
The negligence of *Nature*, wide, and wild:  
Where, undisguis'd by mimic *Art*, she spreads  
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.

490

Here their delicious task the fervent bees,  
In swarming millions, tend. Around, athwart,  
Thro' the soft air, the busy nations fly,  
Cling to the bud, and, with inserted tube,  
Suck its pure essence, it's ethereal soul:  
And oft, with bolder wing, they soaring dare  
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,  
And yellow load them with the luscious spoil.

三

At length the finish'd garden to the view  
It's vistas opens, and its alleys green.

Snatch'd thro' the verdant maze, the hurried eye

510

Distracted

Distracted wanders; now the bowery walk  
 Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day  
 Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted sweeps:  
 Now meets the bending sky, the river now  
 Dimpling along, the breezy-ruffled lake,      520  
 The forest darkening round, the glittering spire,  
 Th' ethereal mountain, and the distant main.  
 But why so far excursive? when at hand,  
 Along the blushing borders, bright with dew,  
 And in yon mingled wilderness of flowers,      525  
 Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace;  
 Throws out the snow-drop, and the crocus first;  
 The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue,  
 And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;  
 The yellow wall-flower, stain'd with iron brown;      530  
 And lavish stock that scents the garden round.  
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,  
 Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd  
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;  
 And full ranunculas, of glowing red.      535  
 Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays  
 Her idle freaks: from family diffus'd  
 To family, as flies the father-dust,  
 The varied colours run; and while they *break*  
 On the charm'd eye, th' exulting florist marks,      540  
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.  
 No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,  
 First-born of spring, to Summer's musky tribes:  
 Nor hyacinths, of purest virgin white,  
 Low-bent, and blushing inward; nor jonquils      545  
 Of potent fragrance; nor Narcissus fair,  
 As o'er the fabled fountain hanging still;  
 Nor broad carnations; nor gay-spotted pinks;  
 Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask-rose.

Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,  
With hues on hues expression cannot paint,  
The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

550

Hail, SOURCE OF BEING ! UNIVERSAL SOUL  
Of heaven and earth ! ESSENTIAL PRESENCE, hail !  
To THEE I bend the knee; to THEE my thoughts, 555  
Continual climb; who, with a Master-hand,  
Hast the great whole into perfection touch'd.  
By THEE the various vegetative tribes,  
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,  
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew: 560  
By THEE dispos'd into congenial soils,  
Stands each attractive plant, and sucks, and swells  
The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.  
At THY command the vernal sun awakes  
The torpid sap, detruded to the root 565  
By wintry winds, that now in fluent dance,  
And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads  
All this innumEROus-colour'd scene of things.

As rising from the vegetable world  
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend 570  
My panting Muse ! and hark how loud the woods  
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.  
Lend me your song, ye nightingales ! oh pour  
The mazy - running soul of melody  
Into my varied verse ! while I deduce 575  
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,  
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme  
Unknown to fame, *the passions of the groves.*

WHEN first the soul of love is sent abroad,  
Warm thro' the vital air, and on the heart  
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,

580

In

- In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing;  
 And try again the long-forgotten strain,  
 At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows  
 The soft infusion prevalent, and wide,                   585  
 Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows  
 In music unconfin'd. Up-springs the lark,  
 Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn;  
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings  
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts           590  
 Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse  
 Deep-tangled, and tree irregular, and bush  
 Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads  
 Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,  
 Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush                   595  
 And wood-lark, o'er the kind contending throng  
 Superior heard, run thro' the sweetest length  
 Of notes; when listening *Philomela* deigns  
 To let them joy, and purposes, in thought  
 Elate, to make her night excel their day.               600  
 The black-bird whistles from the thorny brake;  
 The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove:  
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze  
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Join'd to these  
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade           605  
 Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix  
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,  
 And each harsh pipe discordant heard alone,  
 Aid the full concert: while the stock-dove breathes  
 A melancholy murmur thro' the whole.                   610

'Tis love creates their melody, and all  
 This waste of music is the voice of love;  
 That even to birds, and beasts, the tender Arts  
 Of pleasing teaches. Hence the glossy kind

Try every winning way inventive love 615  
 Can dictate, and in courtship to their mates  
 Pour forth their little souls. First, wide around,  
 With distant awe, in airy rings they rove,  
 Endeavouring by a thousand tricks to catch  
 The cunning, conscious, half-averted glance 620  
 Of their regardless charmer. Should she seem  
 Softening the least approvance to bestow,  
 Their colours burnish, and by hope inspir'd,  
 They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,  
 Retire disorder'd; then again approach; 625  
 In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,  
 And shiver every feather with desire.

CONNUBIAL leagues agreed, to the deep woods  
 They haste away, all as their fancy leads,  
 Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts; 630  
 That NATURE's *great command* may be obey'd,  
 Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive  
 Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge  
 Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;  
 Some to the rude protection of the thorn 635  
 Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree  
 Offers its kind concealment to a few,  
 Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.  
 Others apart far in the grassy dale,  
 Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave. 640  
 But most in woodland solitudes delight,  
 In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,  
 Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,  
 Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,  
 When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots 645  
 Of hazel, pendant o'er the plaintive stream,  
 They frame the first foundation of their domes;

Dry

Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,  
 And bound with clay together. Now'tis nought  
 But restless hurry thro' the busy air, 650  
 Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps  
 The slimy pool, to build his hanging house  
 Intent. And often, from the careless back  
 Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills  
 Pluck hair, and wool; and oft, when unobserv'd, 655  
 Steal from the barn a straw: till soft and warm,  
 Clean, and compleat, their habitation grows.

As thus the patient dam assiduous fits,  
 Not to be tempted from her tender task,  
 Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight, 660  
 Tho' the whole loosen'd Spring around her blows,  
 Her sympathizing lover takes his stand  
 High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless sings  
 The tedious time away; or else supplies  
 Her place a moment, while she sudden flits  
 To pick the scanty meal. Th' appointed time 665  
 With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,  
 Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,  
 Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,  
 A helpless family, demanding food  
 With constant clamour. O what passions then, 670  
 What melting sentiments of kindly care,  
 On the new parents seize! away they fly  
 Affectionate, and undesiring bear  
 The most delicious morsel to their young;  
 Which equally distributed, again 675  
 The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,  
 By fortune funk, but form'd of generous mold,  
 And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breast,  
 In some lone cott amid the distant woods, 680  
 Sustain'd

Sustain'd alone by providential H~~EAVEN~~,  
 Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,  
 Check their own appetites and give them all.

NOR toil alone they scorn: exalting love,  
 By the great FATHER OF THE SPRING inspir'd, 685  
 Gives instant courage to the *fearful* race,  
 And to the *simple*, art. With stealthy wing,  
 Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,  
 Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,  
 And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive 690  
 Th'unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head  
 Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels  
 Her sounding flight, and then directly on  
 In long excursion skims the level lawn,  
 To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence 695  
 O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste  
 The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead  
 The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

BE not the Muse ashamed, here to bemoan  
 Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man 700  
 Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage  
 From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.  
 Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,  
 Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;  
 Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes 705  
 Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.  
 Oh then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,  
 Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear!  
 If on your bosom innocence can win,  
 Music engage, or piety persuade. 710

BUT let not chief the nightingale lament  
 Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd

To

To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.  
 Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,  
 Th' astonish'd mother finds a vacant nest, 715  
 By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns  
 Robb'd, to the ground the vain provision falls;  
 Her pinions ruffle, and low-drooping scarce  
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade;  
 Where, all abandon'd to despair, she sings  
 Her sorrows thro' the night; and on the bough 720  
 Sole-sitting, still at every dying fall  
 Takes up again her lamentable strain  
 Of winding woe; till wide around, the woods  
 Sigh to her song, and with her wail resound. 725

BUT now the feather'd youth their former bounds,  
 Ardent, disdain; and, weighing oft their wings,  
 Demand the free possession of the sky;  
 This one glad office more, and then dissolves  
 Parental love at once, now needless grown. 730  
 Unlavish *Wisdom* never works in vain.  
 'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful, mild,  
 When nought but balm is breathing thro' the woods,  
 With yellow lustre bright, that the new tribes  
 Visit the spacious heavens, and look abroad 735  
 On Nature's common, far as they can see,  
 Or wing, their range, and pasture. O'er the boughs  
 Dancing about, still at the giddy verge  
 Their resolution fails; their pinions still,  
 In loose libration stretch'd, to trust the void 740  
 Trembling refuse: till down before them fly  
 The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,  
 Or push them off. The surging air receives  
 Its plumy burden; and their self-taught wings  
 Winnow the waving element. On ground 745

Alighted, bolder up again they lead,  
 Farther and farther on, the lengthning flight;  
 Till vanish'd every fear, and every power  
 Rouz'd into life and action, light in air  
 Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race,  
 And once rejoicing never know them more.

750

HIGH from the summit of a craggy cliff,  
 Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns  
 On utmost \* *Kilda's* shore, whose lonely race  
 Resign the setting sun to *Indian* worlds,  
 The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,  
 Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.  
 Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,  
 He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,  
 For ages, of his empire; which, in peace,  
 Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea  
 He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.

755

760

SHOULD I my steps turn to the rural seat,  
 Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,  
 Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs  
 In early Spring, his airy city builds,  
 And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well-pleas'd,  
 I might the various polity survey  
 Of the mix'd household-kind. The careful hen  
 Calls all her chirping family around,  
 Fed, and defended by the fearless cock;  
 Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks  
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,  
 The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,  
 Rows garrulous. The stately-failing swan  
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;  
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet

765

770

775

Bears

\* The farthest of the western Islands of Scotland.

Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,  
 Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,  
 Loud-threatning, reddens; while the peacock spreads      780  
 His every-colour'd glory to the sun,  
 And swims in floating majesty along.  
 O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove  
 Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls  
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.      785

WHILE thus the gentle tenants of the shade  
 Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world  
 Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,  
 And fierce desire. Thro' all his lusty veins  
 The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels.      790  
 Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,  
 Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,  
 While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays  
 Luxuriant shoo't; or thro' the mazy wood  
 Dejected wanders, nor th' enticing bud      795  
 Crops, tho' it presses on his careless sense.  
 And oft, in jealous madning fancy wrapt,  
 He seeks the fight; and, idly-butting, feigns  
 His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.  
 Him should he meet, the bellowing war begins;      800  
 Their eyes flash fury; to the hollow'd earth,  
 Whence the sand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,  
 And groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix:  
 While the fair heifer, balmy-breathing, near,  
 Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,      805  
 With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,  
 Nor hears the rein, nor heeds the sounding thong;  
 Blows are not felt; but tossing high his head,  
 And by the well known joy to distant plains  
 Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away;      810  
 O'er

O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies;  
 And, neighing, on the aerial summit takes  
 Th' exciting gale; then, steep-descending, cleaves  
 The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,  
 Even where the madness of the straiten'd stream      815  
 Turns in black eddies round: such is the force  
 With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.

NOR undelighted, by the boundless spring,  
 Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep:  
 From the deep ooze, and gelid cavern rous'd,  
 They flounce and tumble in unwieldy joy.      820  
 Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing  
 The cruel raptures of the savage kind:  
 How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,  
 They roam, amid the fury of their heart,      825  
 The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,  
 And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme  
 I sing, enraptur'd, to the BRITISH FAIR,  
 Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,  
 Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,      830  
 Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.

Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,  
 Of various cadence; and his sportive lambs,  
 This way and that convolv'd, in friskful glee,  
 Their frolics play. And now the sprightly race      835  
 Invites them forth; when swift, the signal given,  
 They start away, and sweep the mastly mound  
 That runs around the hill; the rampart once  
 Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,  
 When disunited BRITAIN ever bled,      840  
 Lost in eternal broil: ere yet she grew  
 To this deep-laid indissoluble state,  
 Where *Wealth* and *Commerce* lift their golden heads;

And,

And, o'er our labours, *Liberty* and *Law*,  
Impartial, watch, the wonder of a world!

845

WHAT is this mighty *Breath*, ye sages, say,  
That, in a powerful language, felt not heard,  
Instructs the fowls of heaven; and thro' their breast  
These arts of love diffuses? What, but GOD?

Inspiring GOD! who boundless SPIRIT all, 850

And unremitting energy, pervades,

Adjusts, sustains, and agitates the whole.

He ceaseless works *alone*; and yet *alone*

Seems not to work; with such perfection fram'd

Is this complex stupendous scheme of things. 855

But, tho' conceal'd, to every purer eye

Th' informing Author in his works appears:

Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy soft scenes

The SMILING GOD is seen, while water, earth,

And air attest his bounty; which exalts

860

The brute-creation to this finer thought,

And annual melts their undesigning hearts

Profusely thus in tenderness and joy.

STILL let my song a nobler note assume,

And sing th' infusive force of Spring on Man;

865

When heaven and earth, as if contending, vye

To raise his being, and serene his soul.

Can he forbear to join the general smile

Of Nature? Can fierce passions vex his breast,

While every gale is peace, and every grove

870

Is melody? Hence! From the bounteous walks

Of flowing Spring, ye fordid sons of earth,

Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe;

Or only lavish to yourselves; away!

But come, ye generous minds, in whose wide thought 875

Of all his works, CREATIVE BOUNTY burns

With

With warmest beam; and on your open front,  
 And liberal eye, fits, from his dark retreat  
 Inviting modest want. Nor, till invok'd  
 Can restless goodness wait; your active search      88  
 Leaves no cold wintry corner unexplor'd;  
 Like silent-working HEAVEN, surprising oft  
 The lonely heart with unexpected good.  
 For you the roving spirit of the wind  
 Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds      88  
 Descend in gladsome plenty o'er the world;  
 And the sun sheds his kindest rays for you,  
 Ye flower of human race! — In these green days,  
 Reviving sickness lifts her languid head;  
 Life flows afresh; and young-ey'd Health exalts      89  
 The whole creation round. Contentment walks  
 The funny glade, and feels an inward bliss  
 Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings  
 To purchase. Pure serenity apace  
 Induces thought, and contemplation still.      89  
 By swift degrees the love of nature works,  
 And warms the bosom; till at last sublim'd  
 To rapture, and enthusiastic heat,  
 We feel the present DEITY, and taste  
 The joy of GOD to see a happy world!      90

THESE are the sacred feelings of thy heart,  
 Thy heart inform'd by reason's purer ray,  
 O LYTTELTON, the friend! thy passions thus  
 And meditations vary, as at large,  
 Courting the Muse, thro' *Hagley-Park* thou strayest,  
 Thy *British Tempe!* There along the dale,  
 With Woods o'er-hung, and shag'd with mossy rocks,  
 Whence on each hand the gushing waters play,  
 And down the rough cascade white-dashing fall,

- Or gleam in lengthen'd vista thro' the trees, 910  
 You silent steal; or sit beneath the shade  
 Of solemn oaks, that tuft the swelling mounts  
 Thrown graceful round by Nature's careles hand,  
 And pensive listen to the various voice  
 Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds, 915  
 The hollow-whispering breeze, the plaint of rills,  
 That, purling down amid the twisted roots  
 Which creep around, their dewy murmurs shake  
 On theooth'd ear. From these abstracted oft,  
 You wander through the philosophic world; 920  
 Where in bright train continual wonders rise,  
 Or to the curious or the pious eye.  
 And oft, conducted by historic truth,  
 You tread the long extent of backward time:  
 Planning, with warm benevolence of mind, 925  
 And honest zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,  
 BRITANNIA'S weal; how from the venal gulph  
 To raise her virtue, and her arts revive.  
 Or, turning thence thy view, these graver thoughts  
 The Muses charm: while, with sure taste refin'd, 930  
 You draw th' inspiring breath of ancient song;  
 Till nobly rises, emulous, thy own.  
 Perhaps thy lov'd LUCINDA shares thy walk,  
 With soul to thine attun'd. Then Nature all  
 Wears to the lover's eye a look of love; 935  
 And all the tumult of a guilty world,  
 Tost by ungenerous passions, sinks away.  
 The tender heart is animated peace;  
 And as it pours its copious treasures forth,  
 In varied converse, softening every theme, 940  
 You, frequent-pausing, turn, and from her eyes,  
 Where meekened sense, and amiable grace,  
 And lively sweetness dwell, enraptur'd, drink  
 That

That nameless spirit of ethereal joy,  
Unutterable happiness ! which love,  
Alone bestows, and on a *favour'd few*.

Meantime you gain the height, from whose fair brow  
The bursting prospect spreads immense around ;  
And snatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,  
And verdant field, and darkening heath between, 950  
And villages embosom'd soft in trees,  
And spiry towns by surging columns mark'd  
Of household smoak, your eye excursive roams :  
Wide-stretching from the *Hall*, in whose kind haunt  
The *Hospitable Genius* lingers still, 955  
To where the broken landskip, by degrees,  
Ascending, roughens into ridgy hills ;  
O'er which the *cambrian* mountains, like far clouds  
That skirt the blue horizon, dusky rise.

FLUSH'D by the spirit of the genial year, 960  
Now from the virgin's cheek a fresher bloom  
Shoots', less and less, the live carnation round ;  
Her lips blush deeper sweets; she breathes of youth ;  
The shining moisture swells into her eyes,  
In brighter flow ; her wishing bosom heaves, 965  
With palpitations wild; kind tumults seize  
Her veins, and all her yielding soul is love.  
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,  
Full of the dear ecstatic power, and sick  
With sighing languishment. Ah then, ye fair ! 970  
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts :  
Dare not th' infectious sigh ; the pleading look,  
Down-cast, and low, in meek submission dreft,  
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,  
Prompt to deceive, with adulation smooth, 975  
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,

Where

Where woodbins flaunt, and roses shed a couch,  
While evening draws her crimson curtains round,  
Trust your soft minutes with betraying Man.

AND let th' aspiring youth beware of love, 980  
Of the smooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,  
When on his heart the torrent-softness pours.  
Then Wisdom prostrate lies, and fading fame  
Dissolves in air away; while the fond soul,  
Wrapt in gay visions of unreal bliss, 985  
Still paints th' illusive form; the kindling grace;  
Th' enticing smile; the modest-seeming eye,  
Beneath whose beauteous beams, belying heaven,  
Lurk searchless cunning, cruelty, and death:  
And still, false-warbling in his cheated ear, 990  
Her syren voice, enchanting, draws him on,  
To guileful shores, and meads of fatal joy.

EVEN present, in the very lap of love  
Inglorious laid; while music flows around,  
Perfumes, and oils, and wine, and wanton hours; 995  
Amid the roses fierce Repentance rears  
Her snaky crest: a quick-returning pang  
Shoots thro' the conscious heart; where honour still,  
And great design, against the oppressive load  
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave. 1000

BUT absent, what fantastic woes, arrousd,  
Rage in each thought, by restless musing fed,  
Chill the warm cheek, and blast the bloom of life?  
Neglected fortune flies; and sliding swift,  
Prone into ruin, fall his scorn'd affairs. 1005  
'Tis nought but gloom around: the darken'd sun  
Loses his light: the rosy-bosom'd Spring  
To weeping fancy pines; and yon bright arch,  
Contracted, bends into a dusky vault.

All Nature fades extinct; and she alone  
 Heard, felt, and seen, possesses every thought,  
 Fills every sense, and pants in every vein.  
 Books are but formal dulness, tedious friends;  
 And sad amid the social band he sits,  
 Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue  
 Th' unfinish'd period falls: while borne away  
 On swelling thought, his wafted spirit flies  
 To the vain bosom of his distant fair;  
 And leaves the semblance of a lover, fix'd  
 In melancholy site, with head declin'd,  
 And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he starts,  
 Shook from his tender trance, and restless runs  
 To glimmering shades, and sympathetic glooms;  
 Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling stream,  
 Romantic, hangs; there thro' the pensive dusk  
 Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation lost,  
 Indulging all to love: or on the bank  
 Thrown, amid drooping lilies, swells the breeze  
 With sighs unceasing, and the brook with tears,  
 This in soft anguish he consumes the day,  
 Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon  
 Peeps thro' the chambers of the fleecy east,  
 Enlightened by degrees, and in her train  
 Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,  
 Beneath the trembling languish of her beam,  
 With soften'd soul, and woos the bird of eve  
 To mingle woes with his: or, while the world  
 And all the sons of Care lie hush'd in sleep,  
 Associates with the midnight shadows drear;  
 And, sighing to the lonely taper, pours  
 His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,  
 Meant for the moving messenger of love;  
 Where rapture burns on rapture, every line  
 With rising frenzy fir'd. But if on bed

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Delirious flung, sleep from his pillow flies. 1045  
 All night he tosses, nor the balmy power  
 In any posture finds; till the grey morn  
 Lifts her pale lustre on the paler wretch,  
 Exanimate by love: and then perhaps  
 Exhausted Nature sinks a while to rest, 1050  
 Still interrupted by distracted dreams,  
 That o'er the sick imagination rise,  
 And in black colours paint the mimic scene.  
 Oft with th' enchantress of his soul he talks;  
 Sometimes in crouds distress'd; or if retir'd 1055  
 To secret-winding flower-enwoven bowers,  
 Far from the dull impertinence of Man,  
 Just as he, credulous, his endless cares  
 Begins to lose in blind oblivious love,  
 Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how, 1060  
 Thro' forests huge, and long untravel'd heaths  
 With desolation brown, he wanders waste,  
 In night and tempest wrapt; or shrinks aghast,  
 Back, from the bending precipice; or wades  
 The turbid stream below, and strives to reach 1065  
 The farther shore; where succourless, and sad,  
 She with extended arms his aid implores,  
 But strives in vain; borne by th' outrageous flood  
 To distance down, he rides the ridgy wave,  
 Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy sinks. 1070

THESE are the charming agonies of love,  
 Whose misery delights. But thro' the heart  
 Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,  
 'Tis then delightful misery no more,  
 But agony unmix'd, incessant gall, 1075  
 Corroding every thought, and blasting all  
 Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,  
 Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,

Farewel! Ye gleamings of departing peace,  
 Shine out your last! the yellow-tinging plague      1080  
 Internal vision taints, and in a night  
 Of livid gloom imagination wraps.  
 Ah then; instead of-love enliven'd cheeks,  
 Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes  
 With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,      1085  
 Suffus'd, and glaring with untender fire;  
 A cloudy aspect, and a burning cheek,  
 Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, fits,  
 And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears  
 Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views      1090  
 Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms  
 For which he melts in fondness, eat him up  
 With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.  
 In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,  
 Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,      1095  
 Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,  
 Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,  
 Her first endearments, twining round the soul,  
 With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.  
 Strait the fierce storm involves his mind anew,  
 Flames thro' the nerves, and boils along the veins:      1100  
 While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart;  
 For even the sad assurance of his fears  
 Were peace to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,  
 Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,      1105  
 Thro' flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life  
 Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;  
 His brightest flames extinguish'd all, and all  
 His brightest moments running down to waste.

BUT happy they! the happiest of their kind!  
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.

'Tis

- 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,  
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,      1115  
Attuning all their passions into love;  
Where friendship full-exerts her softest power,  
Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire  
Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;  
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will      1120  
With boundles confidence: for nought but love  
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.  
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent  
To blesb himself, from fordid parents buys  
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,      1125  
Well-merited, consume his nights and days:  
Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love  
Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel;  
Let eastern tyrants from the light of Heaven  
Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly posses'd      1130  
Of a meer, lifeles, violated form:  
While those whom love cements in holy faith,  
And equal transport, free as Nature live,  
Dismaining fear. What is the world to them,  
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!      1135  
Who in each other clasp whatever fair  
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish;  
Something than beauty dearer, should they look  
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;  
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love      1140  
The richest bounty of indulgent HEAVEN.  
Mean-time a smiling offspring rises round,  
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,  
The human blossom blows; and every day,  
Soft as it rolls along, shews some new charm,      1145  
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.  
The infant reason grows apace, and calls

For the kind hand of an assiduous care.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,

To teach the young idea how to shoot,

1150

To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,

To breathe th' enlivening spirit, and to fix

The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

Oh speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear

Surprises often, while you look around,

1155

And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,

All various Nature pressing on the heart:

An elegant sufficiency, content,

Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,

Ease and alternate labour, useful life,

1160

Progressive virtue, and approving HEAVEN.

These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;

And thus their moments fly. The seasons thus,

As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,

Still find them happy; and consenting SPRING

1165

Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:

Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;

When after the long vernal day of life,

Enamour'd more, as more remembrance fwalls

With many a proof of recollected love,

1170

Together down they sink in social sleep;

Together freed, their gentle spirits fly

To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

# S U M M E R.

## The ARGUMENT..

*The subject proposed. Invocation. Address to Mr. DODINGTON. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the succession of the Seasons. As the face of Nature in this Season is almost uniform, the progress of the poem is a description of a summer's Day. The dawn. Sun-rising. Hymn to the Sun. Forenoon. Summer Insects described. Hay-making. Sheep-shearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Groupe of herds and flocks. A solemn grove. How it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude scene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The storm over, a serene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Transition to the prospect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on GREAT BRITAIN. Sun-set. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A Comet. The whole concluding with the praise of philosophy.*

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## S U M M E R.

FROM brightening fields of ether fair disclos'd,  
Child of the Sun, resplendent SUMMER comes,  
In pride of Youth, and felt thro' Nature's depth:  
He comes attended by the sultry *Hours*,  
And ever-fanning *Breezes*, on his way;  
While, from his ardent look, the turning SPRING  
Averts her blushing face; and earth, and skies,  
All-smiling, to his hot dominion leaves.

HENCE, let me haste into the mid-wood shade,  
Where scarce a sun-beam wanders thro' the gloom;  
And on the dark-green grass, beside the brink  
Of haunted stream, that by the roots of oak  
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,  
And sing the glories of the circling year.

COME, *Inspiration!* from thy hermit-seat,  
By mortal seldom found: may Fancy dare,  
From thy fix'd serious eye, and raptur'd glance  
Shot on surrounding Heaven, to steal one look  
Creative of the Poet, every power  
Exalting to an Ecstasy of soul.

AND thou, my youthful Muse's early friend,  
In whom the human graces all unite:

Pure light of mind, and tenderness of heart;  
 Genius, and Wisdom; the gay social sense,  
 By decency chastis'd; goodness and wit,  
 In seldom-meeting harmony combin'd;  
 Unblemish'd honour, and an active zeal,  
 For *Britain's* glory, Liberty, and Man:  
 O DODINGTON! attend my rural song,  
 Stoop to my theme, inspirit every line,  
 And teach me to deserve thy just Applause.

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WITH what an awful world-revolving power  
 Were first th' unwieldy planets launch'd along  
 Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,  
 Amid the flux of many thousand years,  
 That oft has swept the toiling race of Men,  
 And all their labour'd monuments away,  
 Firm, unremitting, matchless, in their course;  
 To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,  
 And of the seasons ever stealing round,  
 Minutely faithful: Such TH' ALL-PERFECT HAND!  
 That pois'd, impels, and rules the steady WHOLE.

WHEN now no more th' alternate *Twins* are fir'd,  
 And *Cancer* reddens with the solar blaze,  
 Short is the doubtful empire of the night:  
 And soon, observant of approaching day,  
 The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,  
 At first faint- gleaming in the dappled east:  
 Till far o'er ether spreads the widening glow;  
 And, from before the lustre of her face,  
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step,  
 Brown Night retires: Young Day pours in apace,  
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.  
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top  
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.

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Blue,

Blue, thro' the dusk, the smoking currents fhine;  
 And from the bladed field the fearful hare  
 Limps, aukward: while along the forest-glade  
 The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze  
 At early passenger. Music awakes  
 The native voice of undissembled joy;  
 And thick :around the woodland hymns arise.  
 Rous'd by the cock, the soon-clad shepherd leaves  
 His mosly cottage, where with *Peace* he dwells;  
 And from the crowded fold, in order, drives  
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.

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**F**ALSELY luxurious, will not Man awake;  
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy  
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent hour,  
 To meditation due and sacred song?  
 For is there aught in sleep can charm the wise?  
 To lie in dead oblivion, losing half  
 The fleeting moments of too short a life;  
 Total extinction of th' enlightened soul!  
 Or else to feverish vanity alive,  
 Wildered, and tossing thro' distemper'd dreams?  
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain  
 Longer than Nature craves; when every Muse  
 And every blooming pleasure wait without,  
 To bless the wildly-devious morning-walk?

BUT yonder comes the powerful King of Day,  
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,  
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow  
 Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach  
 Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,  
 Aflant the dew-bright earth, and coloured air,  
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad;  
 And sheds the shining day, thad burnish'd plays

85

On

On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,  
High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer, Light! 90  
Of all material beings first, and best!  
Efflux divine! Nature's resplendent robe!  
Without whose vesting beauty all were wrapt  
In unessential gloom; and thou, O Sun!  
Soul of surrounding worlds! in whom best seen  
Shines out thy Maker! may I sing of thee? 95

'Tis by thy secret, strong, attractive force,  
As with a chain indissoluble bound,  
Thy System rolls entire: from the far bourne  
Of utmost *Saturn*, wheeling wide his round  
Of thirty years; to *Mercury*, whose disk 100  
Can scarce be caught by philosophic eye,  
Lost in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

INFORMER of the planetary train!  
Without whose quickening glance their cumbrous orbs 105  
Were brute unlovely mass, inert and dead,  
And not, as now, the green abodes of life!  
How many forms of being wait on thee,  
Inhaling spirit; from th' unfetter'd mind,  
By thee sublim'd, down to the daily race, 110  
The mixing myriads of thy setting beam.

THE vegetable world is also thine,  
Parent of *Seasons*! who the pomp precede  
That waits thy throne, as thro' thy vast domain;  
Annual, along the bright ecliptic road, 115  
In world-rejoicing state, it moves sublime.  
Mean-time th' expecting nations, circled gay  
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,  
Implore thy bounty, or send grateful up  
A common hymn: while round thy beaming car, 120

High-seen, the *Seasons* lead, in sprightly dance  
 Harmonious knit, the rosy-finger'd *Hours*,  
 The *Zephyrs* floating loose, the timely *Rains*,  
 Of Bloom ethereal the light-footed *Dews*,  
 And soften'd info joy the surly *Storms*.

125

These, in successive turn, with lavish hand,  
 Shower every beauty, every fragrance shower,  
 Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,  
 From land to land is flush'd the vernal year.

NOR to the surface of enliven'd earth,  
 Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,  
 Her liberal tressles, is thy force confin'd:  
 But, to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,  
 The mineral kinds confess thy mighty power.  
 Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines;  
 Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burnish'd War  
 Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace  
 Hence blefs mankind, and generous Commerce binds  
 The round of nations in a golden chain.

130

135

TH' unfruitful rock, itself impregn'd by thee,  
 In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.

140

The lively Diamond drinks thy purest rays,  
 Collected light, compact; that, polifh'd bright,  
 And all its native lustre let abroad,  
 Dares, as it sparkles on the fair-one's breast,  
 With vain ambition emulate her eyes.

145

At thee the Ruby lights its deepening glow,  
 And with a waving radiance inward flames.

From thee the Sapphire, solid ether, takes  
 Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,  
 The purple-streaming Amethyst is thine.  
 With thy own smile the yellow Topaz burns.  
 Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,

150

When

When first she gives it to the southern gale,  
Than the green Emerald shows. But, all combin'd,  
Thick thro' the whitening Opal play thy beams;  
Or, flying several from its surface, form  
A trembling variance of revolving hues,  
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

THE very dead creation, from thy touch,  
Assumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,  
In brighter mazes the relucent stream  
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,  
Projecting horror on the blackened flood,  
Softens at thy return. The desart joys  
Wildly, thro' all his melancholy bounds.  
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,  
Seen from some pointed promontory's top,  
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge,  
Restless, reflects a floating gleam. But this,  
And all the much-transported Muse can sing,  
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and use,  
Unequal far, great delegated source  
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How shall I then attempt to sing of HIM,  
Who, LIGHT HIMSELF, in uncreated light  
Invested deep, dwells awfully retir'd  
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;  
Whose single smile has, from the first of time,  
Fill'd, overflowing, all those lamps of Heaveu,  
That beam for ever thro' the boundless sky:  
But, should he hide his face, th' astonish'd sun,  
And all th' extinguish'd stars, would loosening start  
Wide from their spheres, and Chaos come again.

AND yet was every faltering tongue of Man,  
ALMIGHTY MAKER! silent in thy praise;

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Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,  
 Even in the depth of solitary woods,  
 By human foot untrod, proclaim thy power,  
 And to the quire celestial THEE resound,  
 Th' eternal cause, support and end of all!

190

To me be Nature's volume broad-display'd;  
 And to peruse its all-instructing page,  
 Or, haply catching inspiration thence,  
 Some easy passage, raptur'd, to translate,  
 My sole delight; as thro' the falling glooms  
 Pensive I stray, or with the rising dawn  
 On Fancy's eagle-wing excursive soar.

195

Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent sun  
 Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,  
 And morning fogs that hover'd round the hills  
 In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd  
 The face of nature shines, from where earth seems,  
 Far-stretch'd around, to meet the bending sphere.

200

HALF in a blush of clustering roses lost,  
 Dew-dropping *Coolness* to the shade retires;  
 There on the verdant turf, or flowery bed  
 By gelid founts and careless rills to muse:  
 While tyrant *Heat*, disspreading thro' the sky,  
 With rapid sway, his burning influence darts  
 On Man, and beast, and herb, and tepid stream.

205

WHO can unpitying see the flowery race,  
 Shed by the morn, their new-flush'd bloom resign,  
 Before the parching beam? so fade the fair,  
 When fevers revel thro' their azure veins.  
 But one, the lofty follower of the sun,  
 Sad when he sets, shuts up her yellow leaves,

210

215

Droop-

Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,  
Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray.

HOME, from his morning task, the swain retreats; 220  
His flock before him stepping to the fold:  
While the full-udder'd mother lows around  
The cheerful cottage, then expecting food,  
The food of innocence, and health! the daw  
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks 225  
That the calm village in their verdant arms,  
Sheltering, embrace direct their lazy flight;  
Where on the mingling boughs they sit embower'd,  
All the hot noon, till cooler hours arise.  
Faint, underneath, the household fowls convene; 230  
And, in a corner of the buzzing shade,  
The house-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,  
Out-stretch'd, and sleepy. In his flumbers one  
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults  
O'er hill and dale; till wakened by the wasp, 235  
They starting snap. Nor shall the Muse disdain  
To let the little noisy summer-race  
Live in her lay, and flutter through her songs  
Not mean tho' simple: to the sun ally'd,  
From him they draw their animating fire. 240

WAK'D by his warmer ray, the reptile young  
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborn,  
Lighter, and full of soul. From every chink,  
And secret corner, where they slept away  
The wintry storms; or rising from their tombs, 245  
To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,  
Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd hues  
Their beauty-beaming parent can disclose.  
Ten thousand forms! ten thousand different tribes!  
People the blaze. To sunny waters some 250  
By fatal instinct fly; where on the pool

They,

They, sportive, wheel; or, failing down the stream,  
 Are snatch'd immediate by the quick-eyed trout,  
 Or darting salmon. Thro' the green-wood glade  
 Some love to stray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,  
 In the fresh leaf. Luxurious, others make  
 The meads their choice, and visit every flower,  
 And every latent herb: for the sweet task,  
 To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,  
 In what soft beds, their young yet undisclos'd,  
 Employs their tender care. Some to the house,  
 The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;  
 Sip round the pail, or taste the curdling cheese:  
 Oft, inadvertent, from the milky stream  
 They meet their fate; or, wittering in the bowl,  
 With powerless wings around them wrapt, expire.

255

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280

BUT chief to heedless flies the window proves  
 A constant death; where, gloomily retir'd,  
 The villain spider lives, cunning, and fierce,  
 Mixture abhor'd! Amid a mangled heap  
 Of carcasses, in eager watch he sits,  
 O'erlooking all his waving snares around.  
 Near the dire cell the dreadless wanderer oft  
 Passes, as oft the ruffian shows his front;  
 The prey at last ensnar'd, he dreadful darts,  
 With rapid glide, along the leaning line;  
 And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,  
 Strikes backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing,  
 And shriller sound declare extreme distress,  
 And ask the helping hospitable hand.

RESOUNDS the living surface of the ground:  
 Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum,  
 To him who muses thro' the woods at noon;  
 Or drowsy shepherd, as he lies reclin'd,

D

With

With half-shut eyes, beneath the floating shade  
Of willows grey, close-crouding o'er the brook. 285

GRADUAL, from these what numerous kinds descend,  
Evading even the microscopic eye!

Full Nature swarms with life; one wondrous mass  
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,

Waiting the *vital Breath*, when PARENT-HEAVEN  
Shall bid his spirit blow. The hoary fen,

In putrid steams, emits the living cloud

Of pestilence. Thro' subterranean cells,

Where searching sun-beams scarce can find a way  
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf 295

Wants not its soft inhabitants. Secure,

Within its winding citadel, the stome

Holds multitudes. But chief the forest-boughs,

That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,

The downy orchard, and the melting pulp

Of mellow fruit, the nameless nations feed

Of evanescent insects. Where the pool

Stands mantled o'er with green, invisible,

Amid the floating verdure millions stray.

Each liquid too, whether it pierces, sooths,

Inflames, refreshes, or exalts the taste,

With various forms abounds. Nor is the stream.

Of purest crystal, nor the lucid air,

Tho' one transparent vacancy it seems,

Void of their unseen people. These, conceal'd

By the kind art of forming HEAVEN, escape

The grosser eye of Man: for, if the worlds

In worlds inclos'd shoud on his senses burst,

From cates ambrosial, and the nectar'd bowl,

He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,

When silence sleeps o'er all, be stun'd with noise. 31

LET no presuming impious railer tax

CREATIVE WISDOM, as if aught was form'd

In vain, or not for admirable ends. 320

Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce  
His works unwise, of which the smallest part  
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?

As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,  
On swelling Columns heav'd, the pride of art! 325

A critic-fly, whose feeble ray scarce spreads  
An inch around, with blind presumption bold,  
Should dare to tax the structure of the whole.

And lives the Man, whose universal eye  
Has swept at once th' unbounded scheme of things: 330

Mark'd their dependance so, and firm accord,  
As with unfaltering accent to conclude

That *This evaileth nought?* has any seen  
The mighty chain of beings, lessening down

From INFINITE PERFECTION to the brink 335

Of dreary *Nothing*, desolate abyfs!

From which astonish'd thought, recoiling, turns?  
Till then alone let zealous praise ascend,

And hymns of holy wonder, to that POWER,  
Whose wisdom shines as lovely on our minds, 340

As on our smiling eyes his servant-fun.

THICK in yon stream of light, a thousand ways,  
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,  
The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-wing'd,  
Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day. 345

Even so luxurious Men, unheeding, pass  
An idle summer-life in fortune's shine,

A season's glitter! thus they flutter on  
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;

Till, blown away by death, oblivon comes 350  
Behind, and strikes them from the book of life.

Now swarms the village o'er the jovial mead:  
The rustic youth, brown with meridian toil,

Healthful, and strong; full as the sunnier-rose  
 Blown by prevailing fens, the ruddy maid,  
 Half-naked, swelling on the sight, and all  
 Her kindled graces burning o'er her cheek.  
 Even stooping age is here; and infant-hands  
 Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load  
 O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppression roll.  
 Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row  
 Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,  
 They spread the breathing harvest to the sun,  
 That throws refreshful round a rural smell:  
 Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,  
 And drive the dusky wave along the mead,  
 The russet hay-cock rises thick behind,  
 In order gay. While heard from dale to dale,  
 Waking the breeze, resounds the blended voice  
 Of happy labour, love, and social glee.

355

360

365

370

Or rushing thence, in one diffusive band,  
 They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog  
 Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook  
 Forms a deep pool: this bank abrupt and high,  
 And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.  
 Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,  
 The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,  
 Ere the soft fearful people to the flood  
 Commit their woolly fides. And oft the swain,  
 On some impatient seizing, hurls them in:  
 Embolden'd then, nor hesitating more,  
 Faft, fast, they plunge amid the flashing wave,  
 And panting labour to the farthest shore.  
 Repeated this, till deep the well-wash'd fleece  
 Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt  
 The trout is banish'd by the fordid stream;  
 Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow

375

380

385

Slow.

- Slow-move the harmless race: where, as they spread  
 Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,  
 Inly disturb'd, and wondering what this wild      390  
 Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints  
 The country fill; and, toss'd from rock to rock,  
 Incessant bleatings run around the hills.  
 At last, of snowy white, the gather'd flocks  
 Are in the wattled pen innumEROus pres'd,      395  
 Head above head; and, rang'd in lusty rows,  
 The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding shears.  
 The housewife waits to roll her fleecy stores,  
 With all her gay-drest maids attending round.  
 One, chief, in gracious dignity enthron'd,      400  
 Shines o'er the rest, the pastoral queen, and rays  
 Her smiles, sweet-beaming, on her shepherd-king;  
 While the glad circle round them yield their souls  
 To festive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.  
 Meantime, their joyous task goes on apace:      405  
 Some mingling stir the melted tar, and some,  
 Deep on the new-thorn vagrant's heaving side,  
 To stamp his master's cypher ready stand;  
 Others th' unwilling wether drag along,  
 And, glorying in his might, the sturdy boy      410  
 Holds by the twisted horns th' indignant ram.  
 Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,  
 By needy Man, that all-depending lord,  
 How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!  
 What softness in its melancholy face,      415  
 What dumb complaining innocence appears!  
 Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife  
 Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd;  
 No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,  
 Who having now, to pay his annual care,      420  
 Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,  
 Will send you bounding to your hills again.

A simple scene! yet hence BRITANNIA sees  
 Her solid grandeur rise: hence she commands  
 Th' exalted stores of every brighter clime,  
 The treasures of the sun without his rage:  
 Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,  
 Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence  
 Rides o'er the waves sublime, and now, even now,  
 Impendig hangs o'er *Gallia's* humbled coast;  
 Hence rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

425

430

'Tis raging Noon; and, vertical, the Sun  
 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.  
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye  
 Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all  
 From pole to pole is undistinguish'd blaze.  
 In vain the fighted, dejected to the ground,  
 Stoops for relief; thence hot ascending steams  
 And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root  
 Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields  
 And slippery lawn an arid hue disclose,  
 Blast Fancy's blooms, and wither even the Soul.  
 Echo no more returns the cheerful sound  
 Of sharpening scythe: the mower sinking heaps  
 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;  
 And scarce a chirping grass-hopper is heard  
 Thro' the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.  
 The very streams look languid from afar;  
 Or, thro' th' unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem  
 To hurl into the covert of the grove.

435

440

445

450

ALL-CONQUERING heat, oh intermit thy wrath!  
 And on my throbbing temples potent thus  
 Beam not so fierce! incessant still you flow,  
 And still another fervent flood succeeds,  
 Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,

455

And

And restless turn, and look around for Night;  
 Night is far off; and hotter hours approach.  
 Thrice happy he! that on the sunless side  
 Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,  
 Beneath the whole collected shade reclines: 460  
 Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,  
 And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,  
 Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,  
 Unsatisfied, and sick, tosses in noon.  
 Emblem instructive of the virtuous Man, 465  
 Who keeps his temper'd mind serene, and pure,  
 And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,  
 Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

WELCOME, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!  
 Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks! 470  
 Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!  
 Delicious is your shelter to the soul,  
 As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,  
 Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides  
 Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink. 475  
 Cool, thro' the nerves, your pleasing comfort glides;  
 The heart beats glad; the fresh-expanded eye  
 And ear resume their watch; the sinews knit;  
 And life shoots swift thro' all the lightened limbs.

AROUND th' adjoining brook, that purls along 480  
 The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,  
 Now scarcely moving thro' a reedy pool,  
 Now starting to a sudden stream, and now  
 Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain;  
 A various groupe the herds and flocks compose, 485  
 Rural confusion! On the grassy bank  
 Some ruminating lie; while others stand  
 Half in the flood, and often bending sip

The circling surface. In the middle droops  
 The strong labourious ox, of honest front,  
 Which imcompos'd he shakes; and from his sides  
 The troublous insects lashes with his tail,  
 Returning still. Amid his subjects safe,  
 Slumbers the monarch-swain; his careless arm  
 Thrown round his head, on downy moss sustain'd;  
 Here laid his scrip, with wholesome viands fill'd;  
 There, listening every noise, his watchful dog.

490

**LIGHT** fly his slumbers, if perchance a flight  
 Of angry gad-flies fasten on the herd;  
 That startling scatters from the shallow brook,  
 In search of lavish stream. Tossing the foam,  
 They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,  
 Thro' all the bright severity of noon;  
 While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan  
 Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.

500

505

**OFT** in this season too the horse, provok'd,  
 While his big finews full of spirits swell,  
 Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,  
 Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,  
 Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye,  
 And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest,  
 Luxuriant, and erect, the seat of strength!  
 Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst;  
 He takes the river at redoubled draughts;  
 And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.

510

515

**STILL** let me pierce into the midnight depth  
 Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth:  
 That, forming high in air a woodland quire,  
 Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,  
 Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall,  
 And all is awful listening gloom around.

520

THESE

THESE are the haunts of Meditation, these  
 The scenes where ancients bards th' inspiring breath,  
 Extatic, felt; and, from this world retir'd,  
 Conversed with angels, and immortal forms,      525  
 On gracious errands bent: to save the fall  
 Of virtue, struggling on the brink of vice;  
 In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,  
 To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul  
 For future trials fated to prepare;      530  
 To prompt the poet, who devoted gives  
 His muse to better themes; to soothe the pangs  
 Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast,  
 (Backward to mingle in detested war,  
 But foremoit when engag'd) to turn the death;      535  
 And numberless such offices of love,  
 Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.

SHOOK sudden from the bosom of the sky,  
 A thousand shapes or glide athwart the dusk,  
 Or stalk majestic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel      540  
 A sacred terror, and severe delight,  
 Creep through my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,  
 A voice, than human more, th' abstracted ear  
 Of fancy strikes. "Be not of us afraid,  
 "Poor kindred Man! thy fellow-creatures, we      545  
 "From the same PARENT-POWER our beings drew,  
 "The same our Lord, and laws, and great pursuit.  
 "Once some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life,  
 "Toil'd, tempest-beaten, ere we could attain  
 "This holy calm, this harmony of mind,      550  
 "Where purity and peace immingle charms.  
 "Then fear not us; but with responsive song,  
 "Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd  
 "By noisy folly and discordant vice,  
 "Of Nature sing with us, and Nature's GOD.      555

“Here frequent, at the visionary hour,  
 “When musing midnight reigns or silent noon,  
 “Angelic harps are in full concert heard,  
 “And voices chaunting from the wood-crown’d hill,  
 “The deepening dale, or inmost sylvan glade:      560  
 “A privilege bestow’d by us, alone,  
 “On contemplation, or the hallow’d ear  
 “Of Poet, swelling to seraphic strain.”

AND art thou, STANLEY\*, of that sacred band?

Alas, for us too soon! — tho’ rais’d above

565

The reach of human pain, above the flight

Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray

Of sadly-pleas’d remembrance, must thou feel

A mother’s love, a mother’s tender woe:

Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene;

570

Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,

Thy pleasing converse, by gay lively sense

Inspir’d; where moral wisdom mildly shone,

Without the toil of art; and virtue glow’d,

In all her smiles, without forbidding pride.

575

But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears;

Or rather to PARENTAL NATURE pay

The tears of grateful joy, who for a while

Lent thee this younger-self, this opening bloom

Of thy enlighten’d mind and gentle worth.

580

Believe the Muse: *the wintry blast of death*

*Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,*

*Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,*

*Thro’ endless ages, into higher powers.*

THUS up the mount, in airy vision rapt,  
 I stray, regardless whither; till the sound

585

Of

\* A young Lady, well known to the Author, who died at the age of eighteen, in the Year 1738.

Of a near fall of water every sense  
 Wakes from the charm of thought: swift-shrinking back,  
 I check my steps, and view the broken scene.

SMOOTH to the shelving brink a copious flood      590  
 Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,  
 In one impetuous torrent, down the steep  
 It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.  
 At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;  
 Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,      595  
 And from the loud-resounding rocks below  
 Dash'd in a cloud of foam, it fends aloft  
 A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.  
 Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose:  
 But, raging still amid the shaggy rocks,      600  
 Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now  
 Aflant the hollow'd channel rapid darts;  
 And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,  
 With wild infraeted course, and lessen'd roar,  
 It gains a safer bed, and steals, at last,      605  
 Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

INVITED from the cliff, to whose dark brow  
 He clings, the steep-ascending eagle soars,  
 With upward pinions thro' the flood of day;  
 And, giving full his bosom to the blaze,      610  
 Gains on the sun; while all the tuneful race,  
 Smit by afflictive noon, disorder'd droop,  
 Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower  
 Responsive, force an interrupted strain.  
 The stock-dove only thro' the forest cooes,      615  
 Mournfully hoarse; oft ceasing from his plaint,  
 Short interval of weary woe! again  
 The sad idea of his murder'd mate,  
 Struck from his side by savage fowler's guile,

Across his fancy comes; and then resounds  
A louder song of sorrow thro' the grove.

BESIDE the dewy border let me sit  
All in the freshness of the humid air;  
There in that hollowed rock, grotesque and wild,  
An ample chair moss-lin'd, and over head  
By flowering umbrage shaded; where thee bee  
Strays diligent, and with th' exstracted balm  
Of fragrant woodbine loads his little thigh.

Now, while I taste the sweetness of the shade,  
While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon,  
Now come, bold *Fancy*, spread a daring flight,  
And view the wonders of the *torrid Zone*:  
Climes unrelenting! with whose rage compar'd,  
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon skies are cool.

SEE, how at once the bright-effulgent sun,  
Rising direct, swift chases from the sky  
The short-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze  
Looks gayly fierce thro' all the dazzling air:  
He mounts his throne; but kind before him fends,  
Issuing from out the portals of the morn,  
The general *Breeze*, \* to mitigate his fire,  
And breathe refreshment on a fainting world.  
Great are the scenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd  
And barbarous wealth, that see, each circling year,  
*Returning suns* and \*\* *double seasons* pass:  
Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,

620

625

630

636

640

645

That

\* Which blows constantly between the tropics from the east, or the collateral points, the north-east and south-east: caused by the pressure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the sun from east to west.

\*\* In all climates between the tropics, the sun, as he passes and repasses in his annual motion, is twice a-year vertical which produces this effect.

That on the high equator ridgy rise,  
 Whence many a bursting stream auriferous plays:  
 Majestic woods, of every vigorous green,  
 Stage above stage, high-waving o'er the hills;                   650  
 Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,  
 A boundless deep immensity of shade.  
 Here lofty trees, to ancient song unknown,  
 The noble sons of potent heat and floods  
 Prone-rushing from the clouds, rear high to Heaven           655  
 Their thorny steams, and broad around them throw  
 Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,  
 Unnumber'd fruits, of keen delicious taste  
 And vital spirit, drink amid the cliffs,  
 And burning sands that bank the shrubby vales;               660  
 Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats  
 A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.

BEAR me, *Pomona!* to thy citron-groves;  
 To where the lemon and the piercing lime,  
 With the deep orange, glowing thro' the green,               665  
 Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd  
 Beneath the spreading tamarind that shakes,  
 Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.  
 Deep in the night the massy locust sheds,  
 Quench my hot limbs; or lead me thro' the maze,           670  
 Embowering endles, of the *Indian* fig;  
 Or thrown at gayer ease, on some fair brow,  
 Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,  
 Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,  
 And high palmetos lift their graceful shade.               675  
 O stretch'd amid these orchards of the sun,  
 Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,  
 And from the palm to draw its freshening wine!  
 More bounteous far than all the frantic juice  
 Which *Bacchus* pours. Nor, on its slender twigs           680

Low-bending, be the full pomegranate scorn'd;  
 Nor, creeping thro' the woods, the gelid race  
 Of berries. Oft in humble station dwells  
 Unboastful worth, above fastidious pomp.  
 Witness, thou best Anana, thou the pride  
 Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er  
 The poets imag'd in the golden age:  
 Quick, let me strip thee of thy tufty coat,  
 Spread thy ambrosial stores, and feast with *Jove!*

685

FROM these the prospect varies. Plains immense  
 Lie stretch'd below, interminable meads,  
 And vast savannahs, where the wandering eye,  
 Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean lost.

690

Another *Flora* there, of bolder hues,  
 And richer sweets, beyond our garden's pride,  
 Plays o'er the fields, and showers with sudden hand  
 Exuberant spring: for oft these valleys shift  
 Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,  
 And swift to green again, as scorching suns,  
 Or streaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.

695

700

ALONG these lonely regions, where retir'd,  
 From little scenes of art, great *Nature* dwells  
 In awful solitude, and nought is seen  
 But the wild herds that own no master's stall,  
 Prodigious rivers roll their fatning seas:  
 On whose luxuriant herbage, half-conceal'd,  
 Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,  
 Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.  
 The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,  
 Behemoth \* rears his head. Glanc'd from his side,  
 The darted steel in idle shivers flies:  
 He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;

705

710

Where,

\* The Hippopotamus, or River-Horse. See Job Chapt. 40.

Where, as he crops his vary'd fare, the herds,  
In widening circle round, forget their food,  
And at the harmleſs stranger wondering gaze.

715

PEACEFUL, beneath primeval trees, that cast  
Their ample shade o'er *Niger's* yellow stream,  
And where the *Ganges* rolls his sacred wave;  
Or mid the central depth of blackning woods,  
High-rais'd in solemn theater around, 720  
Leans the huge elephant: wifest of brutes!  
O truly wife! with gentle might endow'd,  
Tho' powerful, not destructive! Here he fees  
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,  
And empires rise and fall; regardleſs he 725  
Of what the never-resting race of Men  
Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,  
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;  
Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,  
The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert, 730  
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,  
Aftonish'd at the madness of mankind.

WIDE o'er the winging umbrage of the floods,  
Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,  
Thick-swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand, 735  
That with a sportive vanity has deck'd  
The plumpy nations, there her gayest hues  
Profusely pours. \*But, if she bids them shine,  
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,  
Yet frugal still, she humbles them in song. 740  
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent  
Proud *Montezuma's* realm, whose legions cast  
A boundleſs radiance waving on the sun,

While

\* In all the Regions of the torrid Zone, the Birds, tho' more beautiful in their plumage, are observed to be less melodious than ours.

While Philomel is ours; while in our shades,  
Thro' the soft silence of the listening night,  
The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

745

BUT come, my *Muse*, the desart-barrier burst,  
A wild expanse of lifeless sand and sky:  
And, swifter than the toiling caravan,  
Shoot o'er the vale of *Sennar*; ardent climb  
The *Nubian* mountains, and the secrets bounds  
Of jealous *Abyssinia* boldly pierce.

745

Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the mask  
Of social commerce com'st to rob their wealth;  
No *holy Fury* thou, blaspheming *HEAVEN*,  
With consecrated steel to stab their peace,  
And thro' the land, yet red from civil wounds,  
To spread the purple tyranny of *Rome*.

750

Thou, like the harmless bee, may'st freely range,  
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers.  
From jasminé grove to grove, may'st wander gay,  
Thro' palmy shades and aromatic woods,  
That grace the plains, invest the peopled hills,  
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.

755

There on the breezy summit, spreading fair,  
For many a league; or on stupendous rocks,  
That, from the sun-redoubling valley lift,  
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;  
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas rise;  
And gardens smile around, and cultur'd fields;  
And fountains gush; and careless herds and flocks  
Securely stray; a world within itself,  
Disdaining all assault: there let me draw  
Ethereal soul, there drink reviving gales,  
Profusely breathing from the spicy groves,  
And vales of fragrance; there at distance hear  
The roaring floods, and cataracts, that sweep

760

765

770

From disembowel'd earth the virgin gold;  
 And o'er the vary'd landskip, restless, rove,  
 Fervent with life of every fairer kind: 775  
 A land of wonders! which the sun still eyes  
 With ray direct, as of the lovely realm  
 Inamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.

How chang'd the scene! In blazing height of noon,  
 The sun, oppres'd, is plung'd in thickest gloom. 780  
 Still Horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,  
 Of struggling night and day malignant mix'd.  
 For to the hot equator crouding fast,  
 Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air  
 Admits their stream, incessant vapours roll, 785  
 Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd;  
 Or whirl'd tempestuous by the gusty wind,  
 Or silent borne along, heavy, and flow,  
 With the big stores of steaming oceans charg'd.  
 Meantime, amid these upper seas, condens'd 790  
 Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,  
 And by conflicting winds together dash'd,  
 The thunder holds his black tremendous throne,  
 From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage;  
 Till, in the furious elemental war 795  
 Dissolv'd, the whole precipitated mass  
 Unbroken floods and solid torrents pours.

THE treasures these, hid from the bounded search  
 Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,  
 Rich king of floods! o'erflows the swelling *Nile*. 800  
 From his two springs, in *Gojam's* sunny realm,  
 Pure-welling out, he thro' the lucid lake  
 Of fair *Dambea* rolls his infant-stream.  
 There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he sports away  
 His playful youth, amid the fragrant isles 805

That with unfading verdure smile around.  
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;  
And gathering many a flood, and copious fed  
With all the mellow'd treasures of the sky,  
Winds in progressive majesty along:

810

Thro' splendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,  
Now wanders wild o'er solitary tracts  
Of life-deserted sand; till, glad to quit  
The joyless desert, down the *Nubian* rocks  
From thundering steep to steep, he pours his urn,  
And *Egypt* joys beneath the spreading wave.

815

His brother *Niger* too, and all the floods  
In which the full-form'd maids of *Afric* lave  
Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract  
Of woody mountains stretch'd thro' gorgeous *Ind*  
Fall on *Cormandel's* coast, or *Malabar*;  
From \* *Menam's* orient stream, that nightly shines  
With insect-lamps, to where Aurora sheds  
On *Indus'* smiling banks the rosy shower:  
All, at this bounteous season, ope their urns,  
And pour untoiling harvest o'er the land.

820

825

NOR less thy world, *COLUMBUS*, drinks, refresh'd,  
The lavish moisture of the melting year.  
Wide o'er his isles, the branching *Oronoque*  
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives  
To dwell aloft on life-sufficing trees,  
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.  
Swell'd by a thousand streams, impetuous hurl'd  
From all the roaring *Andes*, huge descends  
The mighty \*\* *Orellana*. Scarce the Muse  
Dares stretch her wing o'er this enormous mass

830

835

Of

\* The river that runs thro' *Siam*; on whose banks a vast multitude of those insects called *Fire-flies* make a beautiful appearance in the night.

\*\* The river of the *Amazons*.

Of rushing water; scarce she dares attempt  
 The sea-like *Plata*; to whose dread expanse,  
 Continuous depth, and wondrous length of course,  
 Our floods are rills. With unabated force,                   840  
 In silent dignity they sweep along,  
 And traverse realms unknown, and blooming wilds,  
 And fruitful deserts, worlds of solitude,  
 Where the sun smiles and seasons teem in vain,  
 Unseen, and unenjoy'd. Forsaking these,                   845  
 O'er peopled plains they fair-dissusive flow,  
 And many a nation feed, and circle safe,  
 In their soft bosom, many a happy isle;  
 The seat of blameless *Pan*, yet undisturb'd  
 By christian crimes and *Europe's* cruel sons.               850  
 Thus pouring on they proudly seek the deep,  
 Whose vanquish'd tide, recoiling from the shock,  
 Yields to this liquid weight of half the globe;  
 And Ocean trembles for his green domain.

BUT what avails this wondrous waste of wealth?           855  
 This gay profusion of luxurious bliss?  
 This pomp of Nature? What their balmy meads,  
 Their powerful herbs, and *Ceres* void of pain?  
 By vagrant birds dispers'd, and wafting winds,  
 What their unplanted fruits? What the cool draughts,   860  
 Th' ambrosial food, rich gums, and spicy health,  
 Their forests yield? Their toiling insects what,  
 Their silky pride, and vegetable robes?  
 Ah! what avail their fatal treasure, hid  
 Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,                   865  
*Golconda's* gems, and sad *Potosi's* mines;  
 Where dwelt the gentlest children of the sun?  
 What all that *Afric's* golden rivers roll,  
 Her odorous woods, and shining ivory stores?  
 Ill-fated race! the softening arts of peace,               870

Whate'er the humanizing Muses teach;  
 The godlike wisdom of the temper'd breast;  
 Progressive truth, the patient force of thought;  
 Investigation calm, whose silent powers  
 Command the world; the LIGHT that leads to HEAVEN; 875  
 Kind equal rule, the government of laws,  
 And all-protecting FREEDOM, which alone  
 Sustains the name and dignity of Man:  
 These are not theirs. The parent-sun himself  
 Seems o'er this world of slaves to tyrannize; 880  
 And, with oppressive ray, the roseat bloom  
 Of beauty blasting, gives the gloomy hue,  
 And feature gross: or worse, to ruthless deeds,  
 Mad jealousy, blind rage, and fell revenge,  
 Their fervid spirit fires. Love dwells not there, 885  
 The soft regards, the tenderness of life,  
 The heart-shed tear, th' ineffable delight  
 Of sweet humanity: these court the beam  
 Of milder climes; in selfish fierce desire,  
 And the wild fury of voluptuous sense, 890  
 There lost. The very brute-creation there  
 This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.

Lo! the green serpent, from his dark abode,  
 Which even Imagination fears to tread,  
 At noon forth-issuing, gathers up his train 895  
 In orbs immense, then, darting out anew,  
 Seeks the refreshing fount; by which diffus'd,  
 He throws his folds: and while, with threatening tongue,  
 And deathful jaws erect, the monster curls  
 His flaming crest, all other thirst, appall'd, 900  
 Or shivering flies, or check'd at distance stands,  
 Nor dares approach. But still more direful he,  
 The small close-lurking minister of fate,  
 Whose high-concocted venom thro' the veins

- A rapid lightning darts, arresting swift 905  
 The vital current. Form'd to humble Man,  
 This child of vengeful Nature! there, sublim'd  
 To fearless lust of blood, the savage race  
 Roam, licens'd by the shading hour of guilt,  
 And foul misdeed, when the pure day has shut  
 His sacred eye. The tyger darting fierce, 910  
 Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd:  
 The lively-shining leopard, speckled o'er  
 With many a spot, the beauty of the waste;  
 And, scorning all the taming arts of Man, 915  
 The keen hyena, fellest of the fell.  
 These, rushing from th' inhospitable woods  
 Of *Mauritania*, or the tufted isles,  
 That verdant rise amid the *Lybian* wild,  
 Innumerous glare around their shaggy king, 920  
 Majestic, stalking o'er the printed sand;  
 And, with imperious and repeated roars,  
 Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks  
 Croud near the guardian swain; the nobler herds,  
 Where round their lordly bull, in rural ease, 925  
 They ruminating lie, with horror hear  
 The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village starts;  
 And to her fluttering breast the mother strains  
 Her thoughtless infant. From the *Pyrate's* den,  
 Or stern *Morocco's* tyrant fang escap'd, 930  
 The wretch half-wishes for his bonds again:  
 While, uproar all, the wilderness resounds,  
 From *Atlas* eastward to the frightened *Nile*.

UNHAPPY he! who from the first of joys,  
 Society, cut off, is left alone  
 Amid this world of death. Day after day,  
 Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,  
 And views the main that ever toils below;

Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,  
 Where the round ether mixes with the wave,  
 Ships, dim-discovered, dropping from the clouds;  
 At evening, to the setting sun he turns  
 A mournful eye, and down his dying heart  
 Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,  
 And his continual thro' the tedious night.  
 Yet here, even here, into these black abodes  
 Of monsters, unappall'd, from stooping *Rome*,  
 And guilty *Cæsar*, *LIBERTY* retir'd,  
 Her *CATO* following thro' *Numidian* wilds:  
 Disdainful of *Campania's* gentle plains,  
 And all the green delights *Ausonia* pours;  
 When for them she must bend the servile knee,  
 And fawning take the splendid robber's boon.

NOR stop the terrors of these regions here.  
 Commission'd demons oft, angels of wrath,  
 Leet loose the raging elements. Breath'd hot,  
 From all the boundless furnace of the sky,  
 And the wide glittering waste of burning sand,  
 A suffocating wind the pilgrim smites  
 With instant death. Patient of thirst and toil,  
 Son of the desert! even the camel feels,  
 Shot thro' his wither'd heart, the fiery blast.  
 Or from the black-red ether, bursting broad,  
 Sallies the sudden whirlwind. Strait the sands,  
 Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play:  
 Nearer and nearer still they darkening come;  
 Till, with the general all-involving storm  
 Swept up, the whole continuous wilds arise;  
 And by their noonday fount dejected thrown,  
 Or sunk at night in sad disastrous sleep,  
 Beneath descending hills, the caravan  
 Is buried deep. In *Cairo's* crowded streets,

940

945

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Th'

Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,  
And *Mecca* saddens at the long delay.

BUT chief at sea, whose every flexile wave	975
Obeys the blast, th' aerial tumult swells.	
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,	
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,	
The circling * Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,	
Exhausting all the rage of all the sky,	980
And dire Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,	
Falsely serene, deep in a cloudy ** speck	
Compreß'd, the mighty tempest brooding dwells.	
Of no regard, save to the skilful eye,	
Fiery and foul, the small prognostic hangs	985
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow	
Musters its force. A faint deceitful calm,	
A fluttering gale, the demon sends before,	
To tempt the spreading fail. Then down at once,	
Precipitant, descends a mingled mass	990
Of roaring winds, and flame, and rushing floods.	
In wild amazement fix'd the sailor stands.	
Art is too slow: By rapid fate oppreß'd,	
His broad-wing'd vesiel drinks the whelming tide,	
Hid in the bosom of the black abyſs.	995
With such mad feas the daring *** GAMA fought,	
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,	
Inceſtant, lab'ring round the stormy cape;	
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirst	
Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd	1000
The rising world of trade: the <i>Genius</i> , then,	

\* *Typhon* and *Ecnephia*, names of particular storms or hurricanes known only between the tropics.

\*\* Called by sailors the *Ox-Eye*, being in appearance at first no bigger.

\*\*\* VASCO DE GAMA, the first who sailed round *Africa*, by the *Cape of Good-Hope*, to the *East Indies*,

Of navigation, that, in hopeless sloth,  
 Had slumber'd on the vast atlantic deep,  
 For idle ages, starting, heard at last  
 The\* LUSITANIAN PRINCE; who, HEAV'N-inspir'd, 1005  
 To love of useful glory rous'd mankind,  
 And in unbounded commerce mix'd the world.

INCREASING still the terrors of these storms,  
 His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,  
 Here dwells the direful shark. Lur'd by the scent 1010  
 Of steaming crouds, of rank disease, and death,  
 Behold! he rushing cuts the briny flood,  
 Swift as the gale can bear the ship along;  
 And, from the partners of that cruel trade,  
 Which spoils unhappy *Guinea* of her sons, 1015  
 Demands his share of prey, demands themselves.  
 The stormy fates descend: one death involves  
 Tyrants and slaves; when strait, their mangled limbs  
 Crashing at once, he dyes the purple seas  
 With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal. 1020

WHEN o'er this world, by equinoctial rains  
 Flooded immense, looks out the joyless sun,  
 And draws the copious stream: from swampy fens,  
 Where putrefaction into life ferments,  
 And breathes destructive myriads; or from woods, 1025  
 Impenetrable shades, recesses foul,  
 In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,  
 Whose gloomy horrors yet no desperate foot  
 Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, wasteful, forth  
 Walks the dire *power* of pestilent disease. 1030  
 A thousand hideous fiends her course attend,

Sick

\* DON HENRY, third son to *John* the first, King of *Portugal*. His strong genius to the discovery of new countries was the source of all the modern improvements in navigation.

Sick Nature blasting, and to heartless woe,  
 And feeble desolation, casting down  
 The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.  
 Such as, of late, at *Carthagena* quench'd      1035  
 The BRITISH fire. You, gallant VERNON, saw  
 The miserable scene; you, pitying, saw  
 To infant weakness sunk the warrior's arm;  
 Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghastly form,  
 The lip pale-quivering, and the beamless eye      1040  
 No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans  
 Of agonizing ships, from shore to shore;  
 Heard, nighly plung'd amid the fullen waves,  
 The frequent corse; while on each other fix'd;  
 In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd,  
 Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.      1045

WHAT need I mention those inclement skies,  
 Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,  
 The fiercest child of NEMESIS divine,  
 Descends? \* From *Ethiopia's* poisoned woods,      1050  
 From stifled *Cairo's* filth, and fetid fields  
 With loeust-armies putrefying heap'd,  
 This great destroyer sprung. Her awful rage  
 The brutes escape: Man is her destin'd prey,  
 Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty domes,      1055  
 She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;  
 Uninterrupted by the living winds,  
 Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd  
 With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,  
 Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,      1060  
 Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand  
 Of feeble justice, ineffectual, drop  
 The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,

\* These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the *Plague*,  
 in *Dr. Mead's* elegant Book on that subject.

And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.  
 Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;      1065  
 Into the worst of desarts sudden turn'd  
 The cheerful haunt of Men: unless escap'd  
 From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,  
 Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,  
 With frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to heaven      1070  
 Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,  
 Inhuman, and unwise. The sullen door,  
 Yet uninfect'd, on its cautious hinge  
 Fearing to turn, abhors society:  
 Dependants, friends, relations, Love himself,      1075  
 Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,  
 The sweet engagement of the feeling heart.  
 But vain their selfish care: the circling sky,  
 The wide enlivening air is full of fate;  
 And, struck by turns, in solitary pangs      1080  
 They fall, unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.  
 Thus o'er the prostrate city black Despair  
 Extends her raven wing; while, to compleat  
 The scene of desolation, stretch'd around,  
 The grim guards stand, denying all retreat,      1085  
 And give the flying wretch a better death.

MUCH yet remains unsung: the rage intense  
 Of brazen-vaulted skies, of iron fields,  
 Where drought and famine starve the blasted year:  
 Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,      1090  
 Th' infuriate hill that shoots the pillar'd flame;  
 And, rous'd within the subterranean world,  
 Th' expanding earthquake, that resistless shakes  
 Aspiring cities from their solid base,  
 And buries mountains in the flaming gulph.      1095  
 But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant Muse:  
 A nearer scene of horror calls thee home.

BEHOLD, slow-settling o'er the lurid grove  
 Unusual darkness broods; and growing gains  
 The full possession of the sky, surcharg'd  
 With wrathful vapour, from the secret beds,  
 Where sleep the mineral generations, drawn.  
 Thence Niter, Sulphur, and the fiery spume  
 Of fat Bitumen, steaming on the day,  
 With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,  
 Pollute the sky, and in yon baleful cloud,  
 A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,  
 Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,  
 The dash of clouds, or irritating war  
 Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,  
 They furious spring. A boding silence reigns,  
 Dread thro' the dun expanse; save the dull sound,  
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,  
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,  
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.  
 Prone, to the lowest vale, th' aerial tribes  
 Descend: the tempest-loving raven scarce  
 Dares wing the dubious dusk. In rueful gaze  
 The cattle stand, and on the scowling heavens  
 Cast a deplored eye; by Man forsook,  
 Who to the crowded cottage hies him fast,  
 Or seeks the shelter of the downward cave.

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all:  
 When to the startled eye the sudden glance  
 Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud;  
 And following flower, in explosion vast,  
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice.  
 At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,  
 The tempest growls; but as it nearer comes,  
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind,  
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more

The

The noise astounds: till over head a sheet  
 Of livid flame discloses wide, then shuts  
 And opens wider, shuts and opens still  
 Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze.  
 Follows the loosen'd, aggravated roar,  
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling, peal on peal  
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

1135

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,  
 Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds,  
 Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,  
 Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,  
 Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,  
 And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.  
 Black from the stroke, above, the smouldring pine  
 Stands a shattered trunk; and, stretch'd below,  
 A lifeless groupe the blasted cattle lie:  
 Here the soft flock, with that same harmless look  
 They wore alive, and ruminating still  
 In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,  
 And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,  
 The venerable tower and spiry fane  
 Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods  
 Start at the flash, and from their deep recesses,  
 Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.  
 Amid *Carnavon's* mountains rages loud  
 The percussive roar: with mighty crush,  
 Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks  
 Of *Penmanmaur* heap'd hideous to the sky,  
 Tumble the smitten cliffs; and *Snowden's* peak,  
 Dissolving, instant yields his wintry load.  
 Far-seen, the heights of heathy *Cheviot* blaze,  
 And *Thule* bellows thro' her utmost isles.

1140

1145

1150

1155

1160

**GUILT** hears appall'd with deeply troubled thought.  
 And yet not always on the guilty head

1165

Descends

Descends the fated flash. Young CELADON  
 And his AMELIA were a matchless pair;  
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,  
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone:  
 Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,      1170  
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

THEY lov'd. But such their guileless passion was,  
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart  
 Of innocence, and undissembling truth.  
 'Twas friendship heightened by the mutual wish,      1175  
 Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,  
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all  
 To love, each was to each a dearer self;  
 Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power  
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid shades,      1180  
 Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd  
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,  
 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,  
 By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,      1185  
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,  
 Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd,  
 While, with each other blest, creative love  
 Still bade eternal *Eden* smile around.  
 Presaging instant fate her bosom heav'd      1190  
 Unwonted sighs, and stealing oft a look  
 Of the big gloom on CELADON her eye  
 Fell tearful, wetting her disordered cheek.  
 In vain assuring love, and confidence  
 In HEAVEN, repress'd her fear; it grew, and shook      1195  
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd  
 Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look  
 On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,

With

With love illumin'd high. "Fear not, he said,  
 "Sweet innocence thou! stranger to offence,  
 "And inward storm! He, who yon skies involves  
 "In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee,  
 "With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft  
 "That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour  
 "Of noon, flies harmless: and that very voice  
 "Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,  
 "With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine.  
 "Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus  
 "To clasp perfection!,, From his void embrace,  
 Mysterious Heaven! that moment, to the ground  
 A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.  
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood,  
 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,  
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe!  
 So, faint resemblance! on the marble-tomb,  
 The well-dissembled mourner stooping stands,  
 For ever silent, and for ever sad.

As from the face of heaven the shattered clouds  
 Tumultuous rove, th' interminable sky  
 Sublimer swells, and o'er the world expands  
 A purer azure. Nature, from the storm,  
 Shines out afresh; and thro' the lighten'd air  
 A higher luster and a clearer calm,  
 Diffusive, tremble; while, as if in sign  
 Of danger past, a glittering robe of joy,  
 Set off abundant by the yellow ray,  
 Invests the fields: and nature smiles reviv'd.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful song around,  
 Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat  
 Of flocks thick-nibbling thro' the clover'd vale.  
 And shall the hymn be marr'd by thankless Man,

1200

1205

1210

1215

1220

1225

1230

Most-

Most-favour'd; who with voice articulate  
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?  
Shall he, so soon forgetful of the hand  
That hush'd the thunder, and serenes the sky,  
Extinguish'd feel that spark the tempest wak'd,  
That sense of powers exceeding far his own,  
Ere yet his feeble heart has lost its fears?

1235

CHEAR'D by the milder beam, the sprightly youth  
Speeds to the well-known pool, whose crystal depth 1240  
A sandy bottom shews. A while he stands  
Gazing th' inverted landskip, half-afraid  
To meditate the blue profound below;  
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.  
His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek  
Instant emerge; and thro' the obedient wave,  
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,  
With arms and legs according well, he makes,  
As humour leads, an easy-winding path,  
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light  
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

1245

THIS is the purest exercise of health,  
The kind refresher of the summer-heats;  
Nor, when cold Winter keen's the brightening flood,  
Would I weak-shivering linger on the brink. 1255  
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preserv'd,  
By the bold swimmer, in the swift illapse  
Of accident disastrous. Hence the limbs  
Knit into force; and the same *Roman* arm,  
That rose victorious o'er the conquer'd earth, 1260  
First learn'd, while tender, to subdue the wave.  
Even, from the body's purity, the mind  
Receives a secret sympathetic aid.

CLOSE in the covert of an hazel copse,  
Where winded into pleasing solitudes

1265

Runs

- Runs out the rambling dale, young DAMON sat,  
Pensive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.  
There to the stream that down the distant rocks  
Hoarse-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd  
Among the bending willows, falsely he      1270  
Of MUSIDORA's cruelty complain'd.  
She felt his flame; but deep within her breast,  
In bashful coyness, or in maiden pride,  
The soft return conceal'd; save when it stole  
In side-long glances from her downcast eye,      1275  
Or from her swelling soul in stifled sighs.  
Touch'd by the scene, no stranger to his vows,  
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;  
And, if an infant passion struggled there,  
To call that passion forth. Thrice happy swain!      1280  
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate  
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.  
For lo! conducted by the laughing Loves  
This cool retreat his MUSIDORA sought:  
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd      1285  
And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe  
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.  
What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,  
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:  
A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,      1290  
A delicate refinement, known to few,  
Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire:  
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,  
Say, ye severest, what would you have done?  
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest      1295  
*Arcadian* stream, with timid eye around  
The banks surveying, strip'd her beauteous limbs,  
To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.  
Ah then! not *Paris* on the piny top  
Of *Ida* panting stronger, when aside

The

The rival-goddesses the veil divine  
Cast unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,  
Than, DAMON, thou; as from the snowy leg,  
And slender foot, th' inverted silk she drew;  
**As** the soft touch dissolv'd the virgin zone; **1305**  
And, thro' the parting robe, th' alternate breast,  
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawless gaze  
In full luxuriance rose. But, desperate youth,  
How durst thou risque the soul-distracting view;  
**As** from her naked limbs, of glowing white, **1310**  
Harmonious swell'd by Nature's finest hand,  
In folds loose-floating fell the fainter lawn;  
And fair-expos'd she stood, shrunk from herself,  
With fancy blushing, at the doubtful breeze  
Alarm'd, and starting like the fearful fawn? **1315**  
Then to the flood she rush'd; the parted flood  
Its lovely guest with closing waves receiv'd;  
And every beauty softening, every grace  
Flushing anew, a mellow luster shed:  
**As** shines the lily thro' the crystal mild; **1320**  
Or as the rose, amid the morning-dew  
Fresh from *Aurora*'s hand, more sweetly glows.  
While thus she wanton'd, now beneath the wave  
But ill-conceal'd; and now with streaming locks,  
That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil, **1325**  
Rising again, the latent DAMON drew  
Such madning draughts of beauty to the soul,  
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought  
With luxury too-daring. Check'd, at last,  
By love's respectful modesty, he deem'd **1330**  
The theft profane, if aught profane to love  
Can e'er be deem'd; and, struggling from the shade,  
With headlong hurry fled: but first these lines,  
Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank  
With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my fair. **1335**

- " Yet unbeheld save by the sacred eye  
 " Of faithful love. I go to guard thy haunt,  
 " To keep from thy receis each vagrant foot,  
 " And each licentious eye." With wild surprize,  
 As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,      1340  
 A stupid moment motionless she stood:  
 So stands the \* statue that enchant's the world,  
 So bending tries to veil the matchless boast,  
 The mingled beauties of exulting *Greece*.  
 Recovering, swift she flew to find those robes      1345  
 Which blissful *Eden* knew not; and, array'd  
 In careless haste, th' alarming paper snatch'd.  
 But, when her *DAMON*'s well-known hand she saw,  
 Her terrors vanish'd, and a softer train  
 Of mixt emotions, hard to be describ'd,      1350  
 Her sudden bosom feiz'd: shame void of guilt,  
 The charming blush of innocence, esteem  
 And admiration of her lover's flame,  
 By modesty exalted: even a sense  
 Of self-approving beauty stole across      1355  
 Her busy thought. At length, a tender calm  
 Hush'd by degrees the tumult of her soul;  
 And on the spreading beech, that o'er the stream  
 Incumbent hung, she with the silvan pen  
 Of rural lovers this confession carv'd,      1360  
 Which soon her *DAMON* kiss'd with weeping joy:  
 " Dear Youth! sole judge of what these verses mean,  
 " By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,  
 " Alas! not favour'd less, be still as now  
 " Discreet: the time may come you need not fly."      1365

THE sun has lost his rage: his downward orb  
 Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,

And

\* The Venus of *Medici*.

And vital lustre; that, with various ray,  
 Lights up the clouds, those beauteous robes of heaven,  
 Incestant roll'd into romantic shapes,      1370  
 The dream of waking fancy! Broad below,  
 Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast  
 Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth  
 And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour  
 Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves      1375  
 To seek the distant hills, and there converse  
 With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,  
 And in pathetic song to breathe around  
 The harmony to others. Social friends,  
 Attun'd to happy unison of soul;      1380  
 To whose exalting eye a fairer world,  
 Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,  
 Displays its charms; whose minds are richly fraught  
 With philosophic stores, superior light;  
 And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns      1385  
 Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance;  
 Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:  
 Now to the verdant *Portico* of woods,  
 To Nature's vast *Lyceum*, forth they walk;  
 By that kind *School* where no proud master reigns,      1390  
 The full free converse of the friendly heart,  
 Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,  
 Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,  
 And pour their souls in transport, which the *SIRE*  
 Of love approving hears, and *calls it good.*      1395  
 Which way, *AMANDA*, shall we bend our course?  
 The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse?  
 All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind  
 Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?  
 Or court the forest-glades? or wander wild      1400  
 Among the waving harvests? or ascend,  
 While radiant summer opens all its pride,

Thy hill, delightful \* *Shene*? here let us sweep  
The boundless landskip: now the raptur'd eye,  
Exulting swift, to huge AUGUSTA send,

1405

Now to the \*\* *Sister-Hills* that skirt her plain,  
To lofty *Harrow* now, and now to where  
Majestic *Windfor* lifts his princely brow.  
In lovely contrast to this glorious view,

1410

And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all      1435  
 The stretching landskip into smoke decays!

Happy BRITANNIA! where the QUEEN OF ARTS,

Inspiring vigor, LIBERTY abroad

Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cotts,

And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

1440

RICH is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;

Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;

Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy valleys float

With golden waves: and on thy mountains flock

Bleat numberless; while roving round their fides,

1445

Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.

Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd

Against the mower's scythe. On every hand,

Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth;

And property assures it to the swain,

1450

Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

FULL are thy cities with the sons of art;

And trade and joy, in every busy street,

Mingling are heard: even drudgery himself,

As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews

1455

The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,

Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,

With labour burn, and echo to the shouts

Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves

His last adieu, and loosening every sheet,

1460

Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

BOLD, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth;

By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,

Scattering the nations where they go; and first

Or on the lifted plain, or wintry seas.

Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans  
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preside;  
In genius, and substantial learning, high;  
For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;  
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind; 1465  
Yet like the mustering thunder when provok'd,  
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource  
Of those that under grim oppression groan.

THY SONS OF GLORY many! ALFRED thine,  
In whom the splendor of heroic war,

And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,  
Combine; whose hallow'd name the Virtues saint,  
And *his own* Muses love; the best of *Kings*!  
With him thy EDWARDS and thy HENRYS shine,  
Names dear to fame; the first who deep impress'd 1475  
On haughty *Gaul* the terror of thy arms,  
That awes her genius still. In *Statesmen* thou,  
And *Patriots* fertile. Thine a steady MORE,

Who, with a generous tho' mistaken zeal,  
Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage,  
Like CATO firm, like ARISTIDES just,  
Like rigid CINCINNATUS nobly poor.

A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.  
Frugal, and wise, a WALSINGHAM is thine;  
A DRAKE, who made thee mistress of the deep, 1485  
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.  
Then flam'd thy spirit high: but who can speak  
The numerous worthies of the MAIDEN REIGN?

In RALEIGH mark their every glory mix'd,  
RALEIGH, the scourge of *Spain*! whose breast with all 1495  
The sage, the patriot, and the hero burn'd.  
Nor funk his vigour, when a coward-reign  
The warrior fettered, and at last resign'd,

To

1470

1480

1485

1490

1495

To

- To glut the vengeance of a vanquish'd foe.  
 Then, active still and unrestrain'd, his mind      1500  
 Explor'd the vast extent of ages past,  
 And with his prison-hours enrich'd the world;  
 Yet found no times, in all the long research,  
 So glorious, or so base, as those he prov'd,  
 In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.      1505  
 Nor can the Muse the gallant SIDNEY pass,  
 The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,  
 The lover's myrtle, and the poet's bay.  
 A HAMDEN too is thine, illustrious land,  
 Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,      1510  
 Who stem'd the torrent of a downward age  
 To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,  
 In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.  
 Bright, at his call, thy age of *Men* effulg'd,  
 Of Men on whom late time a kindling eye      1515  
 Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.  
 Bring every sweetest flower, and let me strew  
 The grave where RUSSEL lies; whose temper'd blood  
 With calmest clearfulness for thee resign'd,  
 Stain'd the sad annals of a giddy reign;      1520  
 Aiming at lawless power, tho' meanly funk  
 In loose inglorious luxury. With him  
 His friend, the \* BRITISH CASSIUS, fearless bled;  
 Of high determin'd spirit, roughly brave,  
 By antient learning to th' enlightened love      1525  
 Of antient freedom warm'd. Fair thy renown  
 In awful *Sages* and in noble *Bards*;  
 Soon as the light of dawning Science spread  
 Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muses' song.  
 Thine is a BACON, hapless in his choice,      1530  
 Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,  
 And thro' the smooth barbarity of courts,

- With firm but pliant virtue, forward still  
 To urge his course. Him for the studious shade  
 Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,  
 Exact, and elegant; in one rich soul, 1535  
**PLATO**, the **STAGYRITE**, and **TULLY** join'd.  
 The great deliverer he! who from the gloom  
 Of cloister'd monks, and jargon-teaching schools,  
 Led forth the true philosophy, there long 1540  
 Held in the magic chain of word and forms,  
 And definitions void: he led her forth,  
 Daughter of **HEAVEN**! that, flow-ascending still,  
 Investigating sure the chain of things,  
 With radiant finger points to **HEAVEN** again. 1545  
 The generous\* **ASHLEY** thine, the friend of Man;  
 Who scann'd his Nature with a brother's eye,  
 His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,  
 To touch the finer movements of the mind,  
 And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart. 1550  
 Why need I name thy **BOYLE**, whose pious search  
 Amid the dark recesses of his works,  
 The great **CREATOR** sought? and why thy **LOCKE**,  
 Who made the whole internal world his own?  
 Let **NEWTON**, *pure Intelligence*, whom **GOD** 1555  
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works  
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame  
 In all philosophy. For lofty sense,  
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen  
 Thro' the deep windings of the human heart 1560  
 Is not wild **SHAKESPEARE** thine and Nature's boast?  
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse  
 Of classic ages in thy **MILTON** met?  
 A genius universal as his theme,  
 Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom 1565  
 Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime.

Nor

\* ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, Earl of Shafesbury.

Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,  
 The gentle SPENCER, Fancy's pleasing son;  
 Who, like a copious river, pour'd his song  
 O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground: 1570  
 Nor thee, his antient master, laughing sage,  
 CHAUCER, whose native manners-painting verse,  
 Well-moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud  
 Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

MAY my song soften, as thy DAUGHTERS I, 1575  
 BRITANNIA, hail! for beauty is their own,  
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,  
 And elegance, and taste: the faultless form,  
 Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,  
 Where the live crimson, thro' the native white 1580  
 Soft-shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,  
 And every nameless grace; the parted lip,  
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,  
 Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,  
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown, 1585  
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast;  
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,  
 And by the soul inform'd, when dreft in love  
 She sits high-smiling in the conscious eye.

ISLAND of bliss! amid the subject seas,  
 That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,  
 At once the wonder, terror, and delight,  
 Of distant nations; whose remotest shores  
 Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;  
 Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults 1595  
 Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O THOU! by whose almighty *Nod* the scale  
Of empire rises, or alternate falls,  
Send forth the saving **VIRTUES** round the land,  
In bright patrol: white *Peace*, and social *Love*;  
The tender-looking *Charity*, intent  
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles;  
Undaunted *Truth* and *Dignity* of mind;  
*Courage* compos'd, and keen; sound *Temperance*,  
Healthful in heart and look; clear *Chastity*,  
With blushes reddening as she moves along,  
Disordered at the deep regard she draws;  
*Rough Industry*; *Activity* untir'd,  
With copious life inform'd, and all awake:  
While, in the radiant front, superior shines  
That first paternal virtue, *Public Zeal*;  
Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,  
And, ever musing on the common weal,  
Still labours glorious with some great design.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,  
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds  
Assembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,  
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.  
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,  
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers  
Of *Amphitrite*, and her tending Nymphs,  
(So Grecian fable fung) he dips is Orb;  
Now half-immers'd; and now a golden curve  
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

FOR ever running, an enchanted round,  
Passes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;  
As fleets the vision o'er the formful brain,  
This moment hurrying wild th' impassion'd soul,

- The next in nothing lost. 'Tis so to him,  
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank: 1630  
 A sight of horror to the cruel wretch,  
Who all day long in sordid pleasure roll'd,  
Himself an useless load, has squander'd vile,  
Upon his scoundrel train, what might have chear'd  
 A drooping family of modest worth. 1635  
 But to the generous still-improving mind,  
That gives the hopeless heart to sing for joy,  
Diffusing kind beneficence around,  
Boastless, as now descends the silent dew;  
To him the long review of order'd life 1640  
 Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

- CONFESS'D from yonder slow-extinguish'd clouds,  
All ether softening, sober *Evening* takes  
Her wonted station in the middle air;  
A thousand *shadows* at her beck. First *this* 1645  
 She fends on earth; then *that* of deeper dye  
Steals soft behind; and then a *deeper* still,  
In circle following circle, gathers round,  
To close the face of things. A fresher gale  
Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream, 1650  
 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn;  
While the quail clamours for his running mate.  
 Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,  
A whitening shower of vegetable down  
Amusive floats. The kind impartial care 1655  
 Of Nature nought disdains: thoughtful to feed  
Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,  
From field to field the feather'd feeds the wings.

- HIS folded flock secure, the shepherd home  
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves 1660  
The

The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;  
 The beauty whom perhaps his wileſs heart,  
 Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguish means,  
 Sincerely loves, by that best language shewn  
 Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.

Onward they pass, o'er many a panting height,  
 And valley sunk, and unfrequented; where  
 At fall of eve the fairy people throng,  
 In various game, and revelry to pass  
 The summer-night, as village-stories tell.

But far about they wander from the grave  
 Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd  
 Against his own sad breast to lift the hand  
 Of impious violence. The lonely tower

Is also shun'd; whose mournful chambers hold,  
 So night-struck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghost.

1665

1670

1675

AMONG the crooked lanes, on every hedge,  
 The glow-worm lights his gem; and, thro' the dark,  
 A moving radiance twinkles. *Evening* yields  
 The world to *Night*; not in her winter-robe  
 Of massy Stygian woof, but loose array'd  
 In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,  
 Glanc'd from th' imperfect surfaces of things,  
 Flings half an image on the straining eye;  
 While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,  
 And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd  
 Th' ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,  
 Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven  
 Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft  
 The silent hours of love, with purest ray  
 Sweet *Venus* shines; and from her genial rise,  
 When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,  
 Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night,

1680

1685

1690

As

As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,  
 With cherisb'd gaze, the lambent lightnings shooth      1995  
 Across the sky; or horizontal dart,  
 In wondrous shapes: by fearful murmuring crouds  
 Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,  
 That more than deck, that animate the sky,  
 The life-infusing suns of other worlds;      1700  
 Lo! from the dread immensity of space  
 Returning, with accelerated course,  
 The rushing comet to the sun descends;  
 And as he sinks below the shading earth,  
 With awful train projected o'er the heavens,      1705  
 The guilty nations tremble. But, above  
 Those superstitious horrors that enslave  
 The fond sequacious herd, to mystic faith  
 And blind amazement prone, th' enlighten'd few,  
 Whose godlike minds philosophy exalts,      1710  
 The glorious stranger hail. They feel a joy  
 Divinely great; they in their powers exult,  
 That wondrous force of thought, which mounting spurns  
 This dusky spot, and measures all the sky;  
 While, from his far excursion thro' the wilds      1715  
 Of barren ether, faithful to his time,  
 They see the blazing wonder rise anew,  
 In seeming terror clad, but kindly bent  
 To work the will of all-sustaining LOVE:  
 From his huge vapoury train perhaps to shake      1720  
 Reviving moisture on the numerous orbs,  
 Thro' which his long ellipsis winds; perhaps

To

To lend new fuel to declining suns,  
To light up worlds, and feed th' ethernal fire.

With thee, serene PHILOSOPHY! with thee, 1725  
 And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!  
 Effusive source of evidence, and truth!  
 A luster shedding o'er th' ennobled mind,  
 Stronger than summer-noon; and pure as that,  
 Whose mild vibrations sooth the parted soul, 1720  
 New to the dawning of celestial day.  
 Hence thro' her nourish'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,  
 She springs aloft, with elevated pride,  
 Above the tangling mafs of low desires,  
 That bind the fluttering croud; and angel-wing'd, 1735  
 The heights of science and of virtue gains,  
 Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,  
 Or in the starry regions, or th' abyfs,  
 To Reason's, and to Fancy's eye display'd:  
 The *First* up-tracing, from the dreary void, 1740  
 The chain of causes and effects to **HIM**,  
 The world-producing ESSENCE, who alone  
 Possesses being; while the *Last* receives  
 The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,  
 And every beauty, delicate or bold, 1745  
 Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense,  
 Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.

TUTOR'D by thee, hence POETRY exalts  
 Her voice to ages; and informs the page

With

Vith music, image, sentiment, and thought,  
Iever to die! the treasure of mankind!  
Their highest honour, and their truest joy!

WITHOUT thee what were unenlightened Man?  
A savage roaming thro' the woods and wilds  
In quest of prey; and with th' unfashion'd fur      1755  
Rough clad; devoid of every finer art,  
And elegance of life. Nor happiness  
Domestic, mix'd of tenderness and care,  
Nor moral excellence, nor social bliss,  
Nor guardian law were his; nor various skill      1760  
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool  
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow  
Of navigation bold, that fearless braves  
The burning line or dares the wintry pole,  
Mother severe of infinite delights      1765  
Nothing, save rapine, indolence, and guile,  
And woes on woes, a still-revolving train!  
Whose horrid circle had made human life  
Than non-existence worse: but, taught by thee  
Ours are the plans of policy, and peace;      1770  
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all  
Embellish life. While thus laborious crowds  
Ply the though oar, PHILOSOPHY directs  
The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath  
Of potent heaven, invisible, the sail      1775  
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.

NOR to this evanescent speck of earth  
 Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high  
 Are her exalted range; intent to gaze  
 Creation thro'; and, from that full complex      1780  
 Of never-ending wonders, to conceive  
 Of the SOLE BEING right, who *spoke the word,*  
 And Nature mov'd compleat. With inward View,  
 Thence on th' ideal kingdom swift she turns  
 Her eye; and instant, at her powerful glance,      1785  
 Th' obedient phantoms vanish or appear;  
 Compound, divide, and into order shift  
 Each to his rank, from plain perception up  
 To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train:  
 To reason then, deducing truth from truth;      1790  
 And notion quite abstract; where first begins  
 The world of spirits, action all, and life  
 Unfetter'd, and unmix'd. But here the cloud,  
 So wills ETERNAL PROVIDENCE, sits deep.  
 Enough for us to know that this dark state,      1795  
 In wayward passions lost, and vain pursuits,  
 This infancy of being, cannot prove  
 The final issue of the works of GOD.  
 By boundless LOVE and perfect WISDOM form'd,  
 And ever rising with the rising mind.      1800

A U T U M N.

G

## The ARGUMENT.

*The subject proposed. Addressed to Mr. ONSLOW.*  
*A prospect of the fields ready for harvest. Reflexions*  
*in praise of industry raised by that view. Reaping.*  
*A tale relative to it. A harvest storm. Shooting*  
*and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account*  
*of foxhunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit.*  
*A vineyard. A description of fogs, frequent in the*  
*latter part of Autumn: whence a digression, enquiring*  
*into the rise of fountains and rivers. Birds of season*  
*considered, that now shift their habitation. The*  
*prodigious number of them that cover the northern*  
*and western isles of SCOTLAND. Hence a view of*  
*the country. A prospect of the discoloured, fading*  
*woods. After a gentle dusky day, moon-light.*  
*Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which succeeds a*  
*calm, pure, sun-shiny day, such as usually shuts up*  
*the season. The harvest being gatherd in, the country*  
*dissolved in joy. The whole concludes with a pan-*  
*egyric on a philosophical country life.*

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## A U T U M N.

CROWN'D with the fickle, and the wheaten sheaf,  
While AUTUMN, nodding o'er the yellow plain,  
Comes jovial on, — the *Doric* reed once more,  
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintry frost  
Nitrous prepar'd; the various-blossom'd spring      5  
Put in white promise forth; and summer-suns  
Concocted strong, rush boundless now to view,  
Full, perfect all, and swell my glorious theme.

ONSLAW! the Muse, ambitious of thy name,  
To grace, inspire, and dignify her song,      10  
Would from the *Public Voice* thy gentle ear  
A while engage. Thy noble cares she knows,  
The patriot virtues that distend thy thought,  
Spread on thy front, and in thy bosom glow;  
While listening senates hang upon thy tongue,      15  
Devolving thro' the maze of eloquence  
A roll of periods, sweeter than her song.  
But she too pants for public virtue, she,  
Tho' weak of power, yet strong in ardent will,  
Whene'er her country rushes on her heart,      20  
Assumes a bolder note, and fondly tries  
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.

WHEN the bright *Virgin* gives the beauteous days,  
 And *Libra* weighs in equal scales the year;  
 From heaven's high cope fierce effulgence shook  
 Of parting Summer, a serener blue,  
 With golden light enliven'd, wide invests  
 The happy world. Attemper'd suns arise,  
 Sweet-beam'd, and shedding oft thro' lucid clouds  
 A pleasing calm; while broad, and brown, below  
 Extensive harvests hang the heavy head.  
 Rich, silent, deep, they stand; for not a gale  
 Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain;  
 A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air  
 Falls from its poise, and gives the breeze to blow.  
 Rent is the fleecy mantle of the sky;  
 The clouds fly different; and the sudden sun  
 By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,  
 And black by fits the shadows sweep along.  
 A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view,  
 Far as the circling eye can shoot around,  
 Unbounded tossing in a flood of corn.

THESE are thy blessings, INDUSTRY! rough power!  
 Whom labour still attends, and sweat, and pain;  
 Yet the kind source of every gentle art,  
 And all the soft civility of life:  
 Raiser of human kind! by Nature cast,  
 Naked, and helpless, out amid the woods,  
 And wilds, to rude inclement elements;  
 With various seeds of art deep in the mind  
 Implanted, and profusely pour'd around  
 Materials infinite; but idle all.  
 Still unexerted, in th' unconscious breast,  
 Slept the lethargic powers; corruption still,  
 Voracious, swallowed what the liberal hand  
 Of bounty scatter'd o'er the savage year:

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And

And still the sad barbarian, roving, mix'd  
 With beasts of prey; or for his acorn-meal  
 Fought the fierce tusky boar; a shivering wretch!  
 Aghast, and comfortless, when the bleak north,  
 With winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempest fly,  
 Hail, rain, and snow, and bitter-breathing frost:  
 Then to shelter of the hut he fled;  
 And the wild season, fordid, pin'd away.  
 For home he had not; home is the resort  
 Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,  
 Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,  
 And dear relations mingle into bliss.  
 But this the rugged savage never felt,  
 Even desolate in crouds; and thus his days  
 Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along;  
 A waste of time! till INDUSTRY approach'd  
 And rous'd him from his miserable sloth:  
 His faculties unfolded; pointed out,  
 Where lavish Nature the directing hand  
 Of art demanded; shew'd him how to raise  
 His feeble force by the mechanic powers,  
 To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,  
 On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,  
 On what the torrent, and the gather'd blast;  
 Gave the tall ancient forest to his ax:  
 Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the stone,  
 Till by degrees the finish'd fabric rose;  
 Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,  
 And wrapt them in the woolly vestment warm,  
 Or bright in glossy silk, and flowing lawn;  
 With wholesome viands fill'd his table, pour'd  
 The generous glass around, inspir'd to wake  
 The life-refining soul of decent wit:  
 Nor stopp'd at barren bare necessity;  
 But still advancing bolder, led him on

To pomp, to pleasure, elegance, and grace;  
And, breathing high ambition thro' his soul,  
Set science, wisdom, glory, in his view,  
And bad him be the *Lord* of all below.

95

THEN gathering men their natural powers combin'd,  
And form'd a *Public*; to the general good  
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.  
For this the *Patriot-Council* met, the full,  
The free, and fairly represented *Whole*;  
For this they plann'd the holy guardian-laws,  
Distinguis'h'd orders, animated arts,  
And with joint force *Oppression* chaining, set  
*Imperial Justice* at the helm; yet still  
To them accountable: nor slavish dream'd  
That toiling millions must resign their weal,  
And all the honey of their search to such  
As for themselves alone themselves have rais'd.

100

105

HENCE every form of cultivated life  
In order set, protected, and inspir'd,  
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all,  
Society grew numerous, high, polite,  
And happy. Nurse of art! the city rear'd  
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;  
And, stretching street on street, by thousands drew,  
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew  
To bows strong-straining, her aspiring sons.

110

115

120

THEN Commerce brought into the public walk  
The busy merchant; the big ware-house built;  
Rais'd the strong crane; choak'd up the loaded street  
With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O THAMES,  
Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!  
Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,  
Like a long wintry forest, groves of mafts

Shot

Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between  
95 Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk  
Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along  
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,  
The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;  
While deep the various voice of fervent toil  
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak,  
To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black, and bold,  
The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

THEN too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd  
Its ample roof; and luxury within  
Pour'd out her glittering stores: the canvas smooth,  
With glowing life protuberant, to the view  
Embodyed rose; the statue seem'd to breathe,  
And soften into flesh, beneath the touch  
Of forming art, imagination-flush'd.

ALL is the gift of INDUSTRY; whate'er  
Exalts, embellishes, and renders life  
Delightful. Pensive Winter clear'd by him  
Sits at the social fire, and happy hears  
Th' excluded tempest idly rave along;  
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;  
Without him Summer were an arid waste;  
Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus transmit  
Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,  
That, waving round, recall my wandering song.

SOON as the morning trembles o'er the sky,  
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day,  
Before the ripened field the reapers stand,  
In fair array; each by the lass he loves,  
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate  
By nameless gentle offices her toil.  
At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves;

While thro' their cheerful band the rural talk  
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest  
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,  
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.

Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks;  
 And, conscious, glancing oft on every side  
 His fated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.

The gleaners spread around, and here and there,  
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.  
 Be not too narrow, husbandmen! but fling  
 From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,

The liberal handful. Think, oh grateful think!  
 How good the GOD OF HARVEST is to you;  
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;

While these unhappy partners of your kind

Wide-hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,  
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns  
 Of fortune ponder; that your sons may want  
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

THE lovely young LAVINIA once had friends;  
 And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.

For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,  
 Of every stay, save innocence and HEAVEN,  
 She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,

And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd

Among the windings of a woody vale;

By solitude and deep surrounding shades,

But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.

Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn

Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet

From giddy passion and low-minded pride;

Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;

Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,

Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.

Her form was fresher than the morning-rose,

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When

- When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd, and pure  
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.  
The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,  
Still on the ground dejected, darting all  
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers;  
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,  
Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,  
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star  
Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace  
Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,  
Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,  
Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness  
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.  
Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,  
Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.  
As in the hollow breast of *Appenine*,  
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,  
A myrtle rises, far from human eye,  
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;  
So flourish'd blooming, and unseen by all,  
The sweet LAVINIA; till, at length, compell'd  
By strong Necessity's supreme command,  
With smiling patience in her looks, she went  
To glean PALEMON's field. The pride of swains  
PALEMON was, the generous, and the rich;  
Who led the rural life in all its joy,  
And elegance, such as *Arcadian* song  
Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times;  
When tyrant custom had not shackled Man,  
But free to follow Nature was the mode.  
He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes  
Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train  
To walk, when poor LAVINIA drew his eye;  
Unconscious of her power, and turning quick,

With unaffected blushes from his gaze:  
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
 The charms her down-cast modesty conceal'd.  
230  
 That very moment love and chaste desire  
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;  
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,  
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,  
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field!  
235  
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.

“WHAT pity! that so delicate a form,  
 “By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense,  
 “And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,  
 “Should be devoted to the rude embrace  
240  
 “Of some indecent clown! she looks, methinks,  
 “Of old ACASTO’s line; and to my mind  
 “Recalls that patron of my happy life,  
 “From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;  
 “Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,  
245  
 “And once fair-spreading family dissolv’d.  
 “Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,  
 “Urg’d by remembrance sad, and decent pride,  
 “Far from those scenes which knew their better days,  
 “His aged widow and his daughter live,  
250  
 “Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.  
 “Romantic wish, would this the daughter were!,,

WHEN, strict enquiring, from herself he found  
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,  
 Of bountiful ACASTO; who can speak  
255  
 The mingled passions that surpriz'd his heart,  
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran?  
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;  
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,  
 Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.  
260

Confus'd

Confus'd, and frightened at his sudden tears,  
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,  
 As thus PALEMON, passionate, and just,  
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

- “ AND art thou then ACASTO’s dear remains? — 265  
 “ She, whom my restless gratitude has sought,  
 “ So long in vain? oh heavens! the very same,  
 “ The soften’d image of my noble friend,  
 “ Alive, his every feature, every look,  
 “ More elegantly touch’d. Sweeter than spring! 270  
 “ Thou sole surviving blossom from the root,  
 “ That nourish’d up my fortune! Say, ah where,  
 “ In what sequester’d desart, hast thou drawn  
 “ The kindest aspect of delighted HEAVEN?  
 “ Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair; 275  
 “ Tho’ poverty’s cold wind, and crushing rain,  
 “ Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?  
 “ O let me now, into a richer soil,  
 “ Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and showers,  
 “ Diffuse their warmest, largest influence; 280  
 “ And of my garden be the pride, and joy!  
 “ It ill befits thee, oh it ill befits  
 “ ACASTO’s daughter, his, whose open stores,  
 “ Tho’ vast, were little to his ampler heart,  
 “ The father of a country, thus to pick 285  
 “ The very refuse of those harvest-fields,  
 “ Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.  
 “ Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,  
 “ But ill apply’d to such a rugged task;  
 “ The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine; 290  
 “ If to the various blessings which thy house  
 “ Has on me lavish’d, thou wilt add that bliss.  
 “ That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee! ,,

HERE ceas'd the youth: yet still his speaking eye  
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,  
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,  
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.  
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm  
 Of goodness irresistible, and all  
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent,  
 The news immediate to her mother brought,  
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away  
 The lonely moments for LAVINIA'S fate;  
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,  
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam  
 Of setting life shone on her evening-hours:  
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair;  
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd  
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,  
 And good; the grace of all the country round.

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Tho'

DEFATING oft the labours of the year,  
 The sultry south collects a potent blast.  
 At first, the groves are scarcely seen to stir  
 Their trembling tops; and a still murmur runs  
 Along the soft-inclining fields of corn:  
 But as th' aerial tempest fuller swells,  
 And in one mighty stream, invisible,  
 Immense, the whole excited atmosphere,  
 Impetuous rushes o'er the sounding world;  
 Strain'd to the root, the stooping forest pours  
 A rustling shower of yet untimely leaves.  
 High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,  
 From the bare wild, the dissipated storm,  
 And send it in a torrent down the vale.  
 Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage,  
 Thro' all the sea of harvest rolling round,  
 The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,

- Tho' pliant to the blast, its seizing force;  
 Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff  
 Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,330  
 Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends  
 In one continuous flood. Still over head  
 The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still  
 The deluge deepens; till the fields around  
 Lie sunk, and flattened, in the Fordid wave.335
- Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.  
 Red, from the hills, innumerable streams  
 Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks  
 The river lift; before whose rushing tide,  
 Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,340  
 Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd,  
 In one wild moment ruin'd, the big hopes,  
 And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.  
 Fled to some eminene, the husbandman,  
 Helpless beholds the miserable wreck345  
 Driving along; his drowning ox at once  
 Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,  
 He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought  
 Comes winter unprovided, and a train  
 Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then,350  
 Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,  
 That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;  
 Be mindful of those limbs, in russet clad,  
 Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;  
 And oh be mindful of that sparing board,355  
 Which covers yours with luxury profuse,  
 Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!  
 Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains,  
 And all-involving winds have swept away.

HERE the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,360  
 The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,  
 Would

Would tempt the Muse to sing the *rural Game*:  
 How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,  
 Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,  
 Outstretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws* full,  
 Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;  
 As in the sun the circling covey bask  
 Their varied plumes, and watchful every way  
 Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye.  
 Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat  
 Their idle wings, intangled more and more:  
 Nor on the surges of the boundless air,  
 Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,  
 Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye,  
 O'er takes their sounding pinions; and again,  
 Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,  
 Dead to the ground; or drives them wide-dispers'd,  
 Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

THESE are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,  
 Nor will she stain with such her spotless song;  
 Then most delighted, when she social sees  
 The whole mix'd animal-creation round  
 Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,  
 This falsely-cheerful barbarous game of death;  
 This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth  
 Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;  
 When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,  
 Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,  
 As if their conscious ravage shun'd the light,  
 Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man,  
 Who with the thoughtless insolence of power  
 Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath  
 Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,  
 For sport alone pursues the cruel chace,  
 Amid the beamings of the gentle days.

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Ubraid,

Jbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,  
 For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;  
 But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,  
 To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,  
 Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.

400

Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!  
 Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat  
 Retir'd: the rushy fen; the ragged furze,  
 Stretch'd o'er the stony heath: the stubble chapt;  
 The thistly lawn; the thick entangled broom;  
 Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern:  
 The fallow ground laid open to the sun,  
 Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,  
 Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain-brook.

405

Vain is her best precaution; tho' she fits  
 Conceal'd, with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,  
 By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in;  
 And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,  
 In act to spring away. The scented dew  
 Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,  
 In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,  
 With every breeze she hears the coming storm.  
 But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads  
 The fighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all  
 The savage soul of game is up at once:  
 The pack full-opening, various; the shrill horn,  
 Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,  
 Wild for the chace; and the loud hunter's shout;  
 O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all  
 Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

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425

THE stag too, singled from the herd, where long  
 He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,  
 Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed  
 He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear

Gives

Gives all his swift aërial soul to flight.

Against the breeze he darts, that way the more  
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind.

Deception short! tho' fleeter than the winds  
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountain by the north,  
He bursts the thickets, glances thro' the glades,

And plunges deep into the wildest wood;

If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track

Hot-steaming, up behind him come again  
Th' inhuman rout, and from the shady depth  
Expel him, circling thro' his every shift.

He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees

The glades, mild-opening to the golden day;

Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends

He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.

Oft in the full-descending flood he tries

To lose the scent, and lave his burning sides;

Oft seeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,

With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.

What shall he do? his once so vivid nerves,

So full of buoyant spirit, now no more

Inspire the course; but fainting breathless toil,

Sick, seizes on his heart: he stands at bay;

And puts his last weak refuge in despair.

The big round tears run down his dappled face;

He groans in anguish; while the growling pack,

Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,

And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.

Of this enough. But if the sylvan youth

Whose fervent blood boils into violence,

Must have the chace; behold, despising flight,

The rous'd-up lion, resolute, and slow,

Advancing full on the pretended spear,

And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.

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460

Slunk

Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,  
 See the grim wolf; on him his shaggy foe      465  
 Vindi&tive six, and let the ruffian die:  
 Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar  
 Grins fell destruction, to the monster's heart  
 Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.

THESE BRITAIN knows not; give, ye BRITONS, then      470  
 Your sportive fury, pityless, to pour  
 Loose on the nightly robber of the fold:  
 Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearthen'd,  
 Let all the thunder of of the chace pursue.  
 Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge      475  
 High-bound, resistless; nor the deep morass  
 Refuse, but thro' the shaking wilderness  
 Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood  
 Bear fearles, of the raging instinct full;  
 And as you ride the torrent, to the banks      480  
 Your triumph found sonorous, running round,  
 From rock to rock, in circling echos tost;  
 Then scale the mountains to their woody tops;  
 Rush down the dangerous steep; and o'er the lawn,  
 In fancy swallowing up the space between,      485  
 Pour all your speed into the rapid game.  
 For happy he! who tops the wheeling chace;  
 Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile  
 Disclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack,  
 Who saw the villain seiz'd, and dying hard,      490  
 Without complaint, tho' by an hundred mouths  
 Relentless torn: o glorious he, beyond  
 His daring peers! when the retreating horn  
 Calls them to ghostly halls of grey renown,  
 With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur,      495  
 Depending decent from the roof; and spread  
 Round the drear walls, with antick figures fierce,

The stag's large front: he then is loudest heard,  
When the night staggers with severer toils,  
With feats *Thessalian* Centaurs never knew,  
And their repeated wonders shake the dome.

500

BUT first the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;  
The tankards foam; and the strong table groans  
Beneath the smoaking sirloin, stretch'd immense  
From side to side; in which, with desperate knife,      505  
They deep incision make, and talk the while  
Of ENGLAND's glory, ne'er to be defac'd,  
While hence they borrow vigour: or a main  
Into the pasty plung'd, at intervals,  
If stomach keen can intervals allow,      510  
Relating all the glories of the chace.

Then sated *Hunger* bids his brother *Thirst*  
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,  
Swell'd high with fiery juice, steams liberal round

515

A potent gale, delicious as the breath  
Of *Maia*, to the love-sick shepherdes,  
On violets diffus'd, while soft she hears  
Her panting shepherd stealing to her arms.

Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn  
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat  
Of thirty years; and now his honest front  
Flames in the light resplendent, not afraid

520

Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie.

To cheat the thirsty moments, whist a while

Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of smoak,  
Wreath'd fragrant from the pipe; or the quick dice,  
In thunder leaping from the box, awake

525

The sounding gammon: while romp-loving miss  
Is haul'd about, in gallantry robust.

AT last these puling idlenesses laid  
Aside, frequent and full, the dry divan

530

Close

- Closet in firm circle; and set, ardent, in  
Nor serious drinking. Nor evasion fly,  
Nor sober shift, is to the puking wretch  
Indulg'd apart; but earnest, brimming bowls  
Leave every soul, the table floating round,  
And pavement, faithless to the fuddled foot.  
Thus as they swim in mutual swill, the talk,  
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,  
Reels fast from theme to theme; from horses, hounds, 540  
To church or mistress, politicks or ghost,  
In endless mazes, intricate, perplex'd.  
Mean-time, with sudden interruption, loud,  
Th' impatient catch bursts from the joyous heart:  
That moment touch'd is every kindred soul; 545  
And, opening in a full-mouth'd *Cry* of joy,  
The laugh, the flap, the jocund curse go round;  
While from their flumbers shook, the kennel'd hounds  
Mix in the music of the day again.  
As when the tempest, that has vex'd the deep 550  
The dark night long with fainter murmurs falls:  
So gradual sinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues,  
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,  
Lie quite dissolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,  
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance, 555  
Like the sun wading thro' the misty sky.  
Then, sliding soft, they drop. Confus'd above,  
Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,  
As if the table even itself was drunk,  
Lie a wet broken scene; and wide, below, 560  
Is heap'd the social slaughter: where astride  
The *lubber Power* in filthy triumph sits,  
Slumbrous, inclining still from side to side,  
And steeps them drench'd in potent sleep till morn.  
Perhaps some doctor, of tremendous paunch, 565  
Awful and deep, a black abyss of drink,

Out-lives them all; and from his bury'd flock  
Retiring, full of rumination sad,  
Laments the weakness of these latter times.

BUT if the rougher sex by this fierce sport  
Is hurrie'd wild, let not such horrid joy  
E'er stain the bosom of the BRITISH FAIR.  
Far be the spirit of the chace from them!  
Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill;  
To spring the fence, to rein the prancing steed; 575  
The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,  
In which they roughen to the sence, and all  
The winning softnes of their sex is lost.  
In them 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;  
With every motion, every word, to wave  
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready blush; 580  
And from the smalleſt violence to shrink,  
Unequal, then the loveliſt in their fears;  
And by this silent adulatation, soft,  
To their protection more engaging Man.  
O may their eyes no miserable fight, 585  
Save weeping lovers, ſee! a nobler game,  
Thro' Love's enchanting wiles purſu'd, yet fled,  
In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs  
Float in the loose ſimplicity of drefs!  
And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone 590  
Know they to feize the captivated soul,  
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;  
To teach the lute to languish; with ſmooth ſtep,  
Discloſing motion in its every charm,  
To ſwim along, and ſwell the mazy dance; 595  
To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;  
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;  
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,  
And heighten Nature's dainties; in their race 600

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600

T

To rear their graces into second life;  
 To give Society its highest taste;  
 Well-order'd Home Man's best delight to make;  
 And by submissive wisdom, modest skill,  
 With every gentle care-eluding art,  
 To raise the virtues, animate the blis,  
 And sweeten all the toils of human life:  
 This be the female dignity, and praise.

705

YE swains now hasten to the hazel-bank;  
 Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook  
 Falls hoarse from steep to steep. In close array,  
 Fit for the thickets, and the tangling shrub,  
 Ye virgins, come. For you their latest song  
 The woodlands raise; the clustering nuts for you  
 The lover finds amid the secret shade;  
 And, where they burnish on the topmost bough,  
 With active vigour crushes down the tree;  
 Or shakes them ripe from the resigning husk,  
 A glosy shower, and of an ardent brown,  
 As are the ringlets of MELINDA'S hair:  
 MELINDA! form'd with every grace complete,  
 Yet these neglecting, above beauty wife,  
 And far transcending such a vulgar praise.

610

615

620

HENCE from the busy joy-resounding fields,  
 In cheerful error, let us tread the maze  
 Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,  
 The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.  
 Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,  
 From the deep loaded bough a mellow shower  
 Incessant melts away. The juicy pear  
 Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.  
 A various sweetness swells the gentle race;  
 In species different, but in kind the same,

625

630

- By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd;  
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,  
In ever-changing composition mixt. 635  
Such, falling frequent thro' the chiller night,  
The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps  
Of Apples, which the lusty-handed year,  
InnumEROus, o'er the blushing orchard shakes. 640  
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,  
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points  
The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue:  
Thy *native* theme, and boon inspirer too,  
**PHILLIPS**, *Pomona*'s bard, the second thou 645  
Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,  
With BRITISH freedom sing the BRITISH song;  
How, from *Silurian* vats, high-sparkling wines  
Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer  
The wintry revels of the labouring hind; 650  
And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours.

IN this glad season, while his sweetest beams  
The sun sheds equal o'er the meekened day;  
Oh lose me in the green delightful walks  
Of, DODINGTON! thy seat, serene and plain; 655  
Where simple Nature reigns; and every view,  
Diffusive, spreads the pure *Dorsetian* downs,  
In boundless prospect; yonder shagg'd with wood,  
Here rich with harvest, and there white with flocks!  
Mean time the grandeur of thy lofty dome, 660  
Far-splendid, seizes on the ravish'd eye.  
New beauties rise with each revolving day;  
New columns swell; and still the fresh Spring finds  
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.  
Full of thy genius all! the Muses' seat; 665  
Where in the secret bower, and winding walk,  
For virtuous YOUNG and thee they twine the bay.

Here

- Here wandering oft, fir'd with the restless thirst  
Of thy applause, I solitary court  
Th' inspiring breeze; and meditate the book  
Of Nature, ever open; aiming thence, 670  
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral song.  
Here, as I steal along the sunny wall,  
Where Autumn basks, with fruit empurpled deep  
My pleasing theme continual prompts my thought; 675  
Presents the downy peach; the shining plum,  
The ruddy fragrant nectarine; and dark,  
Beneath his ample leaf, the luscious fig.  
The vine too here her curling tendrils shoots;  
Hangs out her clusters, glowing to the south; 680  
And scarcely wishes for a warmer sky.

- TURN we a moment Fancy's rapid flight  
To vigorous soils, and climes of fair extent;  
Where, by the potent sun elated high,  
The vineyard swells resplendent on the day; 685  
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,  
Profuse; and drinks amid the sunny rocks,  
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.  
Low bend the weighty boughs. The clusters clear,  
Half thro' the foliage seen, or ardent flame, 690  
Or shine transparent; while perfection breathes  
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.  
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,  
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;  
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field, 695  
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,  
Exulting rove, and speak the vintage nigh.  
Then comes the crushing swain; the country floats,  
And foams unbounded with the mashy flood;  
That by degrees fermented, and resin'd, 700  
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy:

The claret smooth, red as the lip we press,  
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;  
The mellow-tasted burgundy; and quick,  
As is the wit it gives, the gay champaign.

705

Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,  
Descend the copious exhalations, check'd  
As up the middle sky unseen they stole,  
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.  
No more the mountain, horrid, vast, sublime,  
Who pours a sweep of rivers from his sides,  
And high between contending kingdoms rears  
The rocky long division, fills the view  
With great variety; but in a night  
Of gathering vapour, from the baffled sense,  
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,  
The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain:  
Vanish the woods. The dim-seen river seems  
Sullen, and slow, to roll the misty wave.  
Even in the height of noon opprest, the sun  
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;  
Whence glaring oft, with many a broadened orb,  
He frights the nations. Indistinct on earth,  
Seen thro' the turbid air, beyond the life,  
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waste  
The shepherd stalks gigantic. Till at last  
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles still  
Successive closing, fits the general fog  
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,  
A formless grey confusion covers all.  
**As when of old (so sung the HEBREW BARD)**  
Light, uncollected, thro' chaos urg'd  
Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn  
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.

710

715

720

725

730

THESE roving mists, that constant now begin  
To smoak along the hilly country, these,

735

With

With weighty rains, and melted Alpine snows,  
 The mountain-cisterns fill, those ample stores  
 Of water, scoop'd among the hollow rocks:  
 Whence gush the streams, the ceaseless fountains play, 740  
 And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.  
 Some sages say, that, where the numerous wave  
 For ever lashes the resounding shore,  
 Drill'd thro' the sandy stratum, every way,  
 The waters with the sandy stratum rise; 745  
 Amid whose angles infinitely strain'd,  
 They joyful leave their jaggy salts behind,  
 And clear and sweeten, as they soak along.  
 Nor stops the restless fluid, mounting still,  
 Tho' oft amidst th' irriguous vale it springs; 740  
 But to the mountain courted by the sand,  
 That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,  
 Far from the parent-main, it boils again  
 Fresh into day; and all the glittering hill  
 Is bright with spouting rills. But hence this vain 745  
 Amusing dream! why should the waters love  
 To take so far a journey to the hills,  
 When the sweet valleys offer to their toil  
 Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?  
 Or if, by blind ambition led astray, 750  
 They must aspire; why should they sudden stop  
 Among the broken mountain's rushy dells,  
 And, ere they gain its highest peak, desert  
 Th' attractive sand that charm'd their course so long?  
 Besides, the hard agglomerating salts, 755  
 The spoil of ages, would impervious choak  
 Their secret channels; or, by slow degrees,  
 High as the hills protrude the swelling vales:  
 Old Ocean too, fuck'd thro' the porous globe,  
 Had long ere now forsook his horrid bed, 760  
 And brought *Deucalion's* watry times again.

SAY then, where lurk the vast eternal springs,  
 That, like CREATING NATURE, lie conceal'd  
 From mortal eye, yet with their lavish stores  
 Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes? 765

O thou pervading *Genius*, given to Man,  
 To trace the secrets of the dark abyſs,  
 O lay the mountains bare! and wide display  
 Their hidden ſtructure to th' astonish'd view!  
 Strip from the branching *Alps* their piny load, 770

The huge incumbrance of horrific woods  
 From *Asian Taurus*, from *Imaus* stretch'd  
 Athwart the roving *Tartar's* fullen bounds!  
 Give opening *Hemus* to my searching eye,  
 And high *Olympus* pouring many a stream! 775

O from the sounding ſummits of the north,  
 The *Dofrine Hills*, thro' *Scandinavia* roll'd  
 To farthest *Lapland* and the frozen main;  
 From lofty *Caucasus*, far ſeen by thoſe  
 Who in the *Caspian* and black *Euxine* toil; 780

From cold *Riphean Rocks*, which the wild *Russ*  
 Believes the \* *ſtony girdle* of the world;  
 And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in ſtorm,  
 Whence wide *Siberia* draws her lonely floods;  
 O ſweep th' eternal ſnows! hung o'er the deep 785

That ever works beneath his sounding base,  
 Bid *Atlas*, propping heaven, as poets feign,  
 His ſubterranean wonders spread! unveil  
 The miny caverns, blazing on the day,  
 Of *Abyſſinia's* cloud-compelling cliffs, 790

And of the bending \*\* *Mountains of the Moon!*

O'ertopping

\* The *Moscovites* call the *Riphean Mountains* *Weliki Camenypoys*, that is, the great *ſtony Girdle*; because they ſuppoſe them to encompaſſ the whole earth.

\*\* A range of mountains in *Africa*, that ſurround almost all *Monomotapa*.

O'ertopping all these giant-sons of earth,  
 Let the dire *Andes*, from the radiant Line  
 Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round  
 The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold! 795  
 Amazing scene! Behold! the glooms disclose.  
 I see the rivers in their infant beds!  
 Deep, deep I hear them, lab'ring to get free!  
 I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd;  
 The gaping fissures to receive the rains, 800  
 The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs.  
 Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,  
 The pebbly gravel next, the layers then  
 Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,  
 The gutter'd rocks and mazy-running clefts; 805  
 That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,  
 Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.  
 Beneath th' incessant weeping of these drains,  
 I see the rocky siphons stretch'd immense,  
 The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk, 810  
 Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd.  
 O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,  
 The crystal treasures of the liquid world,  
 Thro' the stirr'd sends a bubbling passage burst;  
 And welling out, the middle steep, 815  
 Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,  
 In pure effusion flow. United, thus,  
 Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,  
 The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd  
 These vapours in continual current draw, 820  
 And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth,  
 In bounteous rivers to the deep again,  
 A social commerce hold, and firm support  
 The full-adjusted harmony of things.

WHEN Autumn scatters his departing gleams,  
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play  
The swallow-people; and tos'd wide around,  
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,  
The feather'd eddy floats: rejoicing once,  
Ere to their wintry slumbers they retire;  
In clusters clung, beneath the mouldring bank,  
And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats.  
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,  
With other kindred birds of season, there  
They twitter chearful, till the vernal months  
Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now  
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.

825

830  
835

840

845

850

WHERE the *Rhine* loses his majestic force  
In *Belgian* plains, won from the raging deep,  
By diligence amazing, and the strong  
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,  
The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,  
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take  
Their arduous voyage thro' the liquid sky  
And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose,  
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;  
And many a circle, many a short essay,  
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full,  
The figur'd flight ascends; and, riding high  
Th' aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

OR where the *Northern* ocean, in vast whirls,  
Boils round the naked melancholy isles  
Of farthest *Thule*, and th' *Atlantic* surge  
Pours in among the stormy *Hebrides*;  
Who can recount what transmigrations there  
Are annual made? what nations come and go?  
And how the living clouds on clouds arise?

855

Infinite

Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air,  
And rude resounding shore are one wild cry.

- HERE the plain harmleſs native his ſmall flock, 860  
 And herd diminutive of many hues,  
 Tends on the little iſland's verdant ſwell,  
 The ſhepherd's ſea-girt reign; or, to the rocks  
 Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;  
 Or ſweeps the fishy ſhore; or treasures up 865  
 The plumage, riſing full, to form the bed  
 Of luxury. And here a while the Muſe,  
 High-hoovering o'er the broad cerulean ſcene,  
 Sees CALEDONIA, in romantic view:  
 Her airy mountains, from the waving main, 870  
 Invested with a keen diſfusive ſky,  
 Breathing the ſoul acute; her forests huge,  
 Incult, robust, and tall, by Nature's hand  
 Planted of old: her azure lakes between,  
 Pour'd out extensive, and of watry wealth 875  
 Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;  
 With many a cool tranſlucent brimming flood  
 Wash'd lovely, from the Tweed (pure parent-ſtream,  
 Whose paſtoral banks firſt wak'd my Doric reed,  
 With, filvan Jed, thy tributary brook) 880  
 To where the north-inflated tempeſt foams  
 O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak:  
 Nurſe of a people, in miſfortune's ſchool  
 Train'd up to hardy deeds; ſoon viſited  
 By Learning, when before the Gothic rage 885  
 She took her western flight. A manly race,  
 Of unſubmitting ſpirit, wife, and brave;  
 Who ſtill thro' bleeding ages ſtruggled hard,  
 (As well unhappy WALLACE can atteſt,  
 Great patriot-hero! ill-requited chief!) 890  
 To

To hold a generous undiminish'd state;  
 Too much in vain! hence of unequal bounds  
 Impatient, and by tempting glory borne  
 O'er every land, for every land their life  
 Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plan'd,      895  
 And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil.  
 As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,  
 Bright over *Europe* bursts the *Boreal Morn.*

OH is there not some patriot, in whose power  
 That best, that godlike luxury is placed,  
 Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,  
 Thro' late posterity? some, large of soul,  
 To cheer dejected industry? to give  
 A double harvest to the pining swain?

And teach the labouring hand the sweets of toil?      905

How, by the finest art, the native robe  
 To weave; how, white as hyperborean snow,  
 To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar,  
 How to dash wide the billow; nor look on,  
 Shamefully passive, while *Batavian* fleets      910  
 Defraud us of the glittering finny swarms,  
 That heave our friths, and croud upon our shores;  
 How all-enlivening trade to rouse, and wing  
 The prosperous sail, from every growing port,  
 Uninjur'd, round the sea-incircled globe;      915  
 And thus, in foul united as in name,  
 Bid BRITAIN reign the mistress of the deep.

YES, there are such. And full on thee, ARGILE,  
 Her hope, her stay, her darling, and her boast,  
 From her first patriots and her heroes sprung,      920  
 Thy fond imploring country turns her eye:  
 In thee, with all a mother's triumph, sees  
 Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,

Her

Her genius, wisdom, her engaging turn,  
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,  
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat  
Of sulphurous war, on *Tenier's* dreadful field.  
Nor less the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow:  
Nor, powerful as thy sword, from thy rich tongue  
Persuasion flows, and wins the high debate;  
While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,  
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.  
Thee, **FORBES**, too, whom every worth attends,  
As truth sincere, as weeping friendship kind,  
Thee, truly generous, and in silence great,  
Thy country feels thro' her reviving arts,  
Plann'd by thy wisdom, by thy soul inform'd;  
And seldom has she felt a friend like thee.

BUT see the fading many-colour'd woods,  
Shade deepening over shade, the country round  
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,  
Of every hue, from wan declining green  
To footy dark. These now the lonesome Muse,  
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,  
And give the season in its latest view.

MEAN-TIME, light-shadowing all, a sober calm  
Fleeces unbounded ether; whose least wave  
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn  
The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,  
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,  
And thro' their lucid veil his softened force  
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,  
For those whom wisdom and whom Nature charm,  
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,  
And soar above this little scene of things;  
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;

To

925

930

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945

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955

To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;  
And woe lone *Quiet* in her silent walks.

THUS solitary, and in pensive guise,  
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead; 960  
And thro' the faddened grove, where scarce is heard  
One dying strain, to chear the woodman's toil.  
Haply some widowed songster pours his plaint,  
Far, in faint warblings, thro' the tawny copse.  
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks, 965  
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late  
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,  
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit  
On the dead tree, a full despondent flock;  
With not a brightnes waving o'er their plumes, 970  
And nought save chattering discord in their note.  
O let not, aim'd from some inhuman eye,  
The gun the music of the coming year  
Destroy; and harmles, unsuspecting harm,  
Lay the weak tribes, a miserable prey, 975  
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!

THE pale descending year, yet pleasing still,  
A gentler mood inspires; for now the leaf  
Incessant rustless from the mournful grove;  
Oft startling such as, studious, walk below, 980  
And slowly circles thro' the waving air.  
But should a quicker breeze amid the boughs  
Sob, o'er the sky the leafy deluge streams;  
Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary shower,  
The forest-walks, at every rising gale, 985  
Roll wide the wither'd waste, and whistle bleak.  
Fled is the blasted verdure of the fields;  
And, shrunk into their beds, the flowery race  
Their sunny robes resign, Even what remain'd

Of bolder fruits falls from the naked tree; 990  
 And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around  
 The desolated prospect thrills the soul.

He comes! he comes! in every breeze the POWER  
 Of PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY comes!  
 His near approach the sudden-starting tear, 995  
 The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,  
 The softened feature, and the beating heart,  
 Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.  
 O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes!  
 Inflames imagination; thro' the breast 1000  
 Infuses every tenderness; and far  
 Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.  
 Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such  
 As never mingled with the vulgar dream,  
 Croud fast into the Mind's creative eye. 1005  
 As fast the correspondent passions rise,  
 As varied, and as high: devotion rais'd  
 To rapture, and divine astonishment;  
 The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief,  
 Of human race; the large ambitious wish, 1010  
 To make them blest; the sigh for suffering worth,  
 Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn,  
 Of tyrant pride, the fearless great resolve;  
 The wonder which the dying patriot draws,  
 Inspiring glory thro' remotest time; 1015  
 Th' awakened throb for virtue, and for fame;  
 The sympathies of love, and friendship dear;  
 With all the *social Offspring of the heart.*

Oh bear me then to vast embowering shades,  
 To twilight groves, and visionary vales; 1020  
 To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms;  
 Where angel-forms athwart the solemn dusk,

Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;  
And voices more than human, thro' the void  
Deep-sounding, seize th' enthusiastic ear!

1025

OR is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye powers,  
That o'er the garden and the rural seat  
Preside, which shining thro' the cheerful land  
In countless numbers blest BRITANNIA sees; 1030  
O lead me to the wide-extended walks,  
The fair majestic paradise of STOWE! \*

Not *Persian Cyrus*, on *Ionia's* shore,  
E'er saw such silvan scenes; such various art  
By genius fir'd, such ardent genius tan'd  
By cool judicious art; that in the strife, 1035  
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.

And there, O PITT, thy country's early boast,  
There let me sit beneath the sheltered slopes,  
Or in that \*\* *Temple* where, in future times,  
Thou well shalt merit a distinguish'd name; 1040

And, with thy converse blest, catch the last smiles  
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.  
While there with thee th' enchanted round I walk,  
The regulated wild, gay Fancy then

Will tread in thought the groves of *Attic land*; 1045  
Will from thy standard taste refine her own,  
Correct her pencil to the purest truth  
Of Nature, or, the unimpassion'd shades  
Forsaking, raise it to the human mind.

Or if hereafter she, with *juster* hand, 1050  
Shall draw the tragic scene, instruct her thou,  
To mark the varied movements of the heart,  
What every decent character requires,

And

\* The seat of the Lord Viscount Cobham.

\*\* The Temple of virtue in Stowe gardens.

nd every passion speaks: O thro' her strain  
reathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds  
h' attentive senate, charms, persuades, exalts,  
f honest zeal th' indignant lightning throws,  
nd shakes corruption on her venal throne.

While thus we talk, and thro' *Elysian Vales*  
elighted rove, perhaps a sigh escapes: 1055  
hat pity, COBHAM, thou thy verdant files  
f ordered trees shouldst here inglorious range,  
stead of squadrons flaming o'er the field,  
nd long-embattled hosts! when the proud foe  
he faithless vain disturber of mankind, 1065  
isulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war;  
When keen, once more, within their bounds to press  
hose polish'd robbers, those ambitious slaves,  
he BRITISH YOUTH would hail thy wise command,  
hy temper'd ardor and thy veteran skill. 1070

THE western sun withdraws the shortened day;  
nd humid evening, gliding o'er the sky,  
i her chill progress, to the ground condens'd  
he vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze, 1075  
Where marshes stagnate, and where rivers wind, 1075  
luster the rolling fogs, and swim along  
he dusky-mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon  
ull-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd clouds,  
hews her broad visage in the crimson'd east.  
urn'd to the sun direct, her spotted disk, 1080  
Where mountains rise, umbrageous dales descend,  
nd caverns deep, as optic tube descries,  
smaller earth, gives us his blaze again,  
oid of its flame, and sheds a softer day.  
low thro' the passing cloud she seems to stoop, 1085  
low up the pure cerulean rides sublime.

Wide the pale deluge floats, and streaming mild  
 O'er the sky'd mountain to the shadowy vale,  
 While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,  
 The whole air whitens with a boundless tide  
 Of silver radiance, trembling round the world.

BUT when half-blotted from the sky her light,  
 Fainting, permits the starry fires to burn,  
 With keener luster thro' the depth of heaven;  
 Or near extinct her deadened orb appears,  
 And scarce appears, of sickly beamless white;  
 Oft in this season, silent from the north  
 A blaze of meteors shoots: ensweeping first  
 The lower skies, they all at once converge  
 High to the crown of heaven, and all at once  
 Relapsing quick as quickly reascend,  
 And mix, and thwart, extinguish, and renew,  
 All ether coursing in a maze of light.

FROM look to look, contagious thro' the croud,  
 The panic runs, and into wondrous shapes  
 Th' appearance throws: armies in meet array,  
 Throng'd with aerial spears, and steeds of fire;  
 Till the long lines of full-extended war  
 In bleeding fight commixt, the sanguine flood  
 Rolls a broad slaughter o'er the plains of heaven.  
 As thus they scan the visionary scene,  
 On all sides swells the superstitious din,  
 Incontinent; and busy frenzy talks  
 Of blood and battle; cities over-turn'd,  
 And late at night in swallowing earthquake sunk,  
 Or hideous wrapt in fierce ascending flame;  
 Of fallow famine, inundation, storm;  
 Of pestilence, and every great distress;

Empes

npires subvers'd, when ruling fate has struck  
unalterable hour: even Nature's self  
deem'd to totter on the brink of time.

1120

ot so the Man of philosophic eye,  
id inspect sage; the waving brightness he  
arious surveys, inquisitive to know  
ne causes, and materials, yet unfix'd,  
this appearance beautiful, and new.

1125

Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,  
shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,  
gnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.

der confounded lies; all beauty void;

1130

stinction lost: and gay variety  
e universal blot: such the fair power  
light, to kindle and create the whole.  
ear is the state of the benighted wretch,  
ho then, bewilder'd, wanders thro' the dark,  
ll of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;

1135

or visited by one directive ray,  
om cottage streaming, or from airy hall.

rhaps impatient as he stumbles on,  
ruck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,  
e wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails  
length of flame deceitful o'er the moss;

1140

bither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,  
ow lost and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,

der and horse, amid the miry gulph:

1145

hile still, from day to day, his pining wife,  
d plaintive children his return await,

wild conjecture lost. At other times,  
nt by the *better Genius* of the night,

noxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,

ie meteor fits; and shews the narrow path,

1150

That winding leads thro' pits of death, or else  
Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford.

THE lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning shines  
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,      II  
Unfolding fair the last autumnal day.  
And now the mounting sun dispels the fog;  
The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam;  
And hung on every spray, on every blade  
Of grass, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.      II

AH see where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit,  
Lies the still heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,  
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,  
And fix'd o'er sulphur: while, not dreaming ill,  
The happy people, in their waxen cells,      II  
Sat tending public cares, and planning schemes  
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoic'd  
To mark, full-flowing round, their copious stores.  
Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;  
And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,      II  
By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes,  
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the dust.  
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,  
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd  
Ceaseless the burning Summer-heats away?      II  
For this in Autumn search'd the blooming waste,  
Nor lost one sunny gleam? for this sad fate?  
O Man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,  
Shall prostrate Nature groan beneath your rage,  
Awaiting renovation? when obliged,      II  
Must you destroy? of their ambrosial food  
Can you not borrow; and, in just return,  
Afford them shelter from the wintry winds;

- Or, as the sharp year pinches, with their own  
Again regale them on some smiling day? 1185
- See where the stony bottom of their town  
Looks desolate, and wild; with here and there  
A helpless number, who the ruin'd state  
Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.  
Thus a proud city, populous and rich, 1190  
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,  
At theater or feast, or sunk in sleep,  
(As late, *Palermo*, was thy Fate) is seiz'd  
By some dread earthquake, and convulsive hurl'd,  
Sheer from the black foundation, stench-involv'd, 1195  
Into a gulph of blue sulphureous flame.

- HENCE every harsher fight! for now the day,  
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,  
Infinite splendor! wide investing all.  
How still the breeze! save what the filmy threads 1200  
Of dew evaporate brushes from the plain.  
How clear the cloudless sky! how deeply ting'd  
With a peculiar blue! th' ethereal arch  
How swell'd immense! amid whose azure thron'd  
The radiant sun how gay! how calm below 1205  
The gilded earth! the harvest-treasures all  
Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,  
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;  
And instant Winter's utmost rage defy'd.  
While, loose to festive joy, the country round 1210  
Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,  
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth  
By the quick sense of music taught alone,  
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.  
Her every charm abroad, the village-toast, 1215  
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,

Darts not-unmeaning looks; and, where her eye  
 Points an approving smile, with double force,  
 The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.  
 Age too shines out; and, garrulous, recounts      1220  
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think  
 That, with to-morrow's fun, their annual toil  
 Begins again the never-ceasing round.

OH knew he but his happiness, of Men  
 The happiest he! who far from public rage,      1225  
 Deep in the vale, with a *choice Few* retir'd,  
 Drinks the pure pleasures of the RURAL LIFE.

What tho' the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,  
 Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd  
 Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd?      1230

Vile intercourse! What tho' the glittering robe,  
 Of every hue reflected light can give,  
 Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,  
 The pride and gaze of fools! oppress him not?

What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,      1235  
 For him each rarer tributary life  
 Bleeds not, and his infatiate table heaps

With luxury, and death? What tho' his bowl  
 Flames not with costly juice; nor funk in beds,  
 Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,      1240

Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?  
 What tho' he knows not those fantastic joys,  
 That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;

A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;  
 Their hollow moments undelighted all?      1245

Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd  
 To disappointment, and fallacious hope:  
 Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,  
 In herbs and fruits: whatever greens the Spring,

When

When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough, 1250  
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;  
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies  
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:  
 These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,  
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale; 1255  
 Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,  
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere  
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,  
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay:  
 Nor ought besides of prospect, grove, or song, 1260  
 Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.  
 Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;  
 Unfullied beauty; found unbroken youth,  
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;  
 Health ever-blooming; unambitious toil; 1265  
 Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

LET others brave the flood, in quest of gain,  
 And beat, for joyless months, the gloomy wave.  
 Let such as deem it glory to destroy,  
 Rush into blood, the fack of cities seek; 1270  
 Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,  
 The virgin's shriek, and infant's trembling cry.  
 Let some, far-distant from their native soil,  
 Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,  
 Find other lands beneath another sun. 1275  
 Let *this* thro' cities work his eager way,  
 By legal outrage, and establish'd guile,  
 The social sense extinct; and *that* ferment  
 Mad into tumult the seditious herd,  
 Or melt them down to slavery. Let *these* 1280  
 Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,  
 Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,

An iron race! and *those* of fairer front,  
 But equal inhumanity, in courts,  
 Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;  
 Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,  
 And tread the weary labyrinth of state.

While he, from all the stormy passions free  
 That restless Men involve, hears, and but hears,  
 At distance safe, the human tempest roar,  
 Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,

The rage of nations, and the crush of states,  
 Move not the Man, who, from the world escap'd,  
 In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,  
 To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,  
 And day to day, thro' the revolving year;

Admiring, sees her in her every shape;  
 Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart;  
 Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.

He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,  
 Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale  
 Into his freshen'd soul; her genial hours  
 He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,  
 And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.

In Summer he, beneath the living shade,  
 Such as o'er frigid *Tempe* wont to wave,  
 Or *Hemus* cool, reads what the Muse, of these  
 Perhaps, has in immortal numbers fung;  
 Or what she dictates writes; and, oft an eye

Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.

When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,  
 And tempts the fickle swain into the field,  
 Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart distends  
 With gentle throws; and, thro' the tepid gleams  
 Deep-musing, then he *best* exerts his song.

Even Winter wild to him is full of blifs.

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The

The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,  
 Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,  
 Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,  
 Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,  
 Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye.

1320

A friend, a book the stealing hours secure,  
 And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,  
 O'er land and sea imagination roams;  
 Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,  
 Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;  
 Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.

1325

The touch of kindred too and love he feels;  
 The modest eyé, whose beams on his alone  
 Extatic shine; the little strong embrace  
 Of pratling children, twin'd around his neck,  
 And emulous to please him, calling forth  
 The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,  
 Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns;  
 For happiness and true philosophy  
 Are of the social still, and smiling kind.

1330

This is the life which those who fret in guilt,  
 And guilty cities, never knew; the life,  
 Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,  
 When angels dwelt, and God himself, with Man! 1340

OH NATURE! all-sufficient! over all!  
 Inrich me with the knowledge of thy works!  
 Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,  
 World beyond world, in infinite extent,  
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,  
 Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,  
 Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing deep  
 Light my blind way: the mineral *strata* there;  
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;

1345

O'er

O'er that the rising system, more complex,1350  
Of animals; and higher still, the mind,  
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,  
And where the mixing passions endless shift;  
These ever open to my ravish'd eye:  
**A** search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!1355  
But if to that unequal; if the blood,  
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid  
That *best* ambition; under closing shades,  
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,  
And whisper to my dreams. From **THEE** begin,1360  
Dwell all on **THEE**, with **THEE** conclude my song;  
**A**nd let me never never stray from **THEE**!

# W I N T E R.

## The ARGUMENT.

*The subject proposed. Address to the earl of WILMING-  
TON. First approach of Winter. According to the  
natural course of the season, various storms described.  
Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the snows:  
a Man perishing among them; whence reflections on  
the wants and miseries of human life. The wolves  
descending from the Alps and Apennines. A winter-  
evening described: as spent by philosophers; by the  
country people; in the city. Frost. A view of  
Winter within the polar Circle. A thaw. The  
whole concluding with moral reflections on a future  
state.*

## W I N T E R.

SEE, WINTER comes, to rule the varied year,  
 Sullen, and sad, with all his rising train;  
*Vapours*, and *Clouds*, and *Storms*. Be these my theme,  
 These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,  
 And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms! 5  
 Cogenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,  
 Pleas'd have I, in my cheerful morn of life,  
 When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,  
 And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,  
 Pleas'd have I wander'd thro' your rough domain; 10  
 Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;  
 Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;  
 Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd,  
 In the grim evening-sky. Thus pass'd the time,  
 Till thro' the lucid chambers of the south 15  
 Look'd out the joyous SPRING, look'd out, and smil'd.

To thee, the patron of her first essay,  
 The Muse, O WILMINGTON! renew's her song.  
 Since has she rounded the revolving year:  
 Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinionous borne, 20  
 Attempted thro' the summer-blaze to rise;  
 Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;

And

And now among the wintry clouds again,  
 Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;  
 To swell her note with all the rushing winds;  
 To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;  
 As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:  
 Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear  
 With bold description, and with manly thought.  
 Nor art thou skill'd in awful schemes alone.

25

And how to make a mighty people thrive;  
 But equal goodness, sound integrity,  
 A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul  
 Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,  
 Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal,  
 A steady spirit regularly free;  
 These, each exalting each, the statesman light  
 Into the patriot; these, the public hope  
 And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse  
 Record what envy dares not flattery call.

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Now when the cheerless empire of the sky  
 To *Capricorn* the *Centaur-Archer* yields,  
 And fierce *Aquarius*, stains th' inverted year;  
 Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun  
 Scarce spreads o'er ether the dejected day.  
 Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot  
 His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,  
 Thro' the thick air; as cloath'd in cloudy storm,  
 Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;  
 And, soon descending, to the long dark night,  
 Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.  
 Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,  
 Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.  
 Mean-time, in sable cincture, shadows vast,  
 Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,  
 And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven

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Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,  
 A heavy gloom oppressive o'er the world,  
 Thro' Nature shedding influence malign,  
 And rouses up the seeds of dark disease. 60

The soul of Man dies in him, loathing life,  
 And black with more than melancholy views.  
 The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,  
 Fresh from the plough, the dun discolour'd flocks,  
 Untended spreading, crop the wholesome root. 65

Along the woods, along the moorish fens,  
 Sighs the sad *Genius* of the coming storm;  
 And up among the loose disjointed cliffs,  
 And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook  
 And cave, presageful, send a hollow moan  
 Resounding long in listening Fancy's ear. 70

THEN comes the father of the tempest forth,  
 Wrapt in black glooms. First joyless rains obscure  
 Drive thro' the mingling skies with vapour foul;  
 Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods, 75  
 That grumbling wave below. The unsightly plain  
 Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds  
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still  
 Combine, and deepening into night shut up  
 The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven, 80  
 Each to his home, retire; save those that love  
 To take their pastime in the troubled air,  
 Or skimming flutter round the dimly pool.  
 The cattle from the untasted fields return,  
 And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls, 85  
 Or ruminate in the contiguous shade.  
 Thither the household feathery people crowd,  
 The crested cock, with all his female train,  
 Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind  
 Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there 90

Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,  
And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows  
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

WIDE o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,  
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread, 95  
At last the rous'd-up river pours along:  
Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,  
From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,  
Tumbling thro' rocks abrupt, and sounding far;  
Then o'er the fanded valley floating spreads, 100  
Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrain'd,  
Between two meeting hills, it bursts a way,  
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;  
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,  
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders thro'. 105

NATURE! great parent! whose unceasing hand  
Rolls round the seasons of the changeful year,  
How mighty, how majestic, are thy works!  
With what a pleasing dread they swell the soul!  
That sees astonish'd! and astonish'd sings! 110  
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,  
With boisterous sweep, I raise my voice to you.  
Where are your stores, ye powerful beings! say,  
Where your aërial magazines reserv'd,  
To swell the brooding terrors of the storm? 115  
In what far-distant region of the sky,  
Hush'd in dead silence, sleep you when 'tis calm?

WHEN from the pallid sky the sun descends,  
With many a spot, that o'er his glaring orb  
Uncertain wanders, stain'd; red fiery streaks 120  
Begin to flush around. The reeling clouds  
Stagger with dizzy poise, as doubting yet  
Which master to obey: while rising flow,

- Blank, in the leaden-colour'd east, the moon  
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns. 125
- Seen thro' the turbid fluctuating air,  
The stars obtuse emit a shivering ray;  
Or frequent seem to shoot athwart the gloom,  
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.  
Snatch'd in short eddies, plays the wither'd leaf; 130  
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.  
With broaden'd nostrils to the sky up-turn'd,  
The conscious heifer snuffs the stormy gale.  
Even as the matron, at her nightly task,  
With pensive labour draws the flaxen thread, 135  
The wasted taper and the crackling flame  
Foretell the blast. But chief the plamy race,  
The tenants of the sky, its changes speak.  
Retiring from the downs, where all day long  
They pick'd their scanty fare, a blackening train 140  
Of clamorous rooks thick-urge their weary flight,  
And seek the closing shelter of the grove;  
Affiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl  
Plies his sad song. The cormorant on high  
Wheels from the deep, and screams along the land. 145  
Loud shrieks the soaring hern; and with wild wing  
The circling sea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.  
Ocean, unequal press'd, with broken tide  
And blind commotion heaves; while from the shore,  
Eat into caverns by the restless wave, 150  
And forest-rustling mountain, comes a voice,  
That solemn-sounding bids the world prepare.  
Then issues forth the storm with sudden burst,  
And hurls the whole precipitated air,  
Down, in a torrent. On the passive main 155  
Descends th' ethereal force, and with strong gust  
Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.  
Thro' the black night that fits immense around,

Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine  
 Seems o'er a thousand raging waves to burn;  
 Meantime the mountain-billows, to the clouds  
 In dreadful tumult swell'd, surge above surge,  
 Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,  
 And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,  
 Wild as the winds across the howling waste  
 Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave  
 Straining they scale, and now impetuous shoot  
 Into the secret chambers of the deep,  
 The wintry *Baltick* thundering o'er their head.  
 Emerging thence again, before the breath  
 Of full-exerted heaven they wing their course,  
 And dart on distant coasts; if some sharp rock,  
 Or shoal insidious break not their career,  
 And in loose fragments fling them floating round.

NOR less at land the loosened tempest reigns.  
 The mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons  
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.  
 Lone on the midnight steep, and all aghast,  
 The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,  
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast.  
 Low waves the rooted forest, vex'd, and sheds  
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;  
 Dash'd down, and scattered, by the tearing wind's  
 Affiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.  
 Thus struggling thro' the dissipated grove,  
 The whirling tempest raves along the plain;  
 And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,  
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.  
 Sleep frightened flies; and round the rocking dome,  
 For entrance eager, howls the savage blast.  
 Then too, they say, thro' all the burthen'd air,  
 Long groans are heard, shrill sounds, and distant sighs,

That,

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That utter'd by the Demon of the night,  
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.

HUGE uproar lords it wide. The clouds commix'd      195  
With stars swift-gliding sweep along the sky.  
All Nature reels. Till Nature's KING, who oft  
Amid tempestuous darkness dwells alone,  
And on the wings of the careering wind  
Walks dreadfully serene, commands a calm;      200  
Then straight air, sea and earth, are hush'd at once.

As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,  
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.  
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,  
Let me associate with the serious *Night*,      205  
And *Contemplation* her sedate compeer;  
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,  
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

WHERE now, ye lying vanities of life!  
Ye ever-tempting ever-cheating train!      210  
Where are you now? and what is your amount?  
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.  
Sad, sickening thought! and yet deluded Man,  
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,  
And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,      215  
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

FATHER of light and life! thou GOOD SUPREME!  
*O teach me what is good! teach me THYSELF!*  
*Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,*  
*From every low pursuit! and feed my soul*      220  
*With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,*  
*Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!*

THE keener tempests rise: and fuming dun  
From all the livid east, or piercing north,

225

Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb  
A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.  
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;  
And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.  
Thro' the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,  
At first thin-wavering; 'till at last the flakes  
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,  
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields  
Put on their winter-robe, of purest white.  
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts,  
Along the mazy current. Low, the woods  
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid sun  
Faint from the west emits his evening-ray,  
Earth's universal face, deep-hid, and chill,  
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide  
The works of Man. Drooping, the labourer-ox  
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands  
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,  
Tam'd by the cruel season, croud around  
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon  
Which PROVIDENCE assigns them. One alone,  
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,  
Wisely regardful of th' embroiling sky,  
In joyless fields, and thorny thickets, leaves  
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man  
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first  
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights  
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,  
Eyes all the smiling family askance,  
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:  
Till more familiar grown, the table-crumbs  
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds  
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,  
Tho' timorous of heart, and hard beset  
By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,

235

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And

And more unpitying Men, the garden seeks, 260  
 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind  
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,  
 With looks of dumb despair: then, sad-dispers'd,  
 Dig for the wither'd herb thro' heaps of snow.

Now, shepherds, to your helpless charge be kind, 265  
 Baffle the raging year, and fill their pens  
 With food at will; lodge them below the storm,  
 And watch them strict: for from the bellowing east,  
 In this dire season, oft the whirlwind's wing  
 Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintry plains 270  
 In one wide waft, and o'er the hapless flocks,  
 Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,  
 The billowy tempest whelms; 'till, upward urg'd,  
 The valley to a shining mountain swells,  
 Tipt with a wreath, high-curling in the sky. 275

As thus the snows arise; and foul, and fierce,  
 All Winter drives along the darkened air;  
 In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain  
 Disaster'd stands; sees other hills ascend,  
 Of unknown joyle's brow; and other scenes, 280  
 Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain:  
 Nor finds the river, nor the forest, hid  
 Beneath the formless wild; but wanders on  
 From hill to dale, still more and more astray:  
 Impatient flouncing thro' the drifted heaps, 285  
 Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home  
 Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth  
 In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul!  
 What black despair, what horror fills his heart!  
 When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd 290  
 His tufted cottage rising thro' the snow,  
 He meets the roughness of the middle waste,  
 Far from the track, and blest abode of Man:

While round him night resistless closes fast,  
And every tempest, howling o'er his head,  
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.

295

Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,  
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,  
A dire descent! beyond the power of frost,

300

Of faithless bogs; of precipices huge,  
Smooth'd up with snow; and, what is land, unknown,  
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,  
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,

Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.

These check his fearful steps; and down he sinks

305

Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,  
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,  
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots  
Thro' the wrung bosom of the dying Man,

His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.

310

In vain for him th' officious wife prepares  
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm;  
In vain his little children, peeping out  
Into the mingling storm, demand their fire,  
With tears of artless innocence. Alas!

315

Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold,  
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve  
The deadly winter seizes; shuts up sense;  
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,  
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,

320

Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blast.

Ah little think the gay licentious proud,  
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;  
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,  
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;

325

Ah little think they, while they dance along,  
How many feel, this very moment, death

And

- And all the sad variety of pain!  
 How many sink in the devouring flood,  
 Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,      330  
 By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man!  
 How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;  
 Shut from the common air, and common use  
 Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup  
 Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread      335  
 Of misery! Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,  
 How many shrink into the sordid hut  
 Of cheerless poverty! How many shake  
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,  
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;      340  
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,  
 They furnish matter for the tragic Muse.  
 Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,  
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,  
 How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop      345  
 In deep retir'd distres! how many stand  
 Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,  
 And point the parting anguish! Thought fond Man  
 Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,  
 That one incessant struggle render life,      350  
 One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,  
 Vice in his high career would stand appall'd,  
 And heedless rambling impulse learn to think;  
 The conscious heart of charity would warm,  
 And her wide wish Benevolence dilate;      355  
 The social tear would rise; the social sigh;  
 And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,  
 Refining still, the social passions work.

AND here can I forget the generous \* band,  
 Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd      360

\* The jail-committee, in the year 1729.

Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?  
Unpity'd, and unheard, where misery moans;  
Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,  
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.

While in the land of liberty, the land 365  
Whose every street and public meeting glow  
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd:

Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;  
Tore from cold wintry limbs the tatter'd weed;  
Even robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep; 370  
The free-born BRITON to the dungeon chain'd,

Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,  
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;  
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,  
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled. 375

O great design! if executed well,  
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal:  
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;  
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,

Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod, 380  
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.

Much still untouched remains; in this rank age,  
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.  
The toils of law, (what dark infidious Men  
Have cumbrous added to perplex the truth, 385  
And lengthen simple justice into trade)  
How glorious were the day! that saw these broke,  
And every Man within the reach of right.

By wintry famine rous'd, from all the tract  
Of horrid mountains which the shining *Alps*,  
And wavy *Appenines*, and *Pyrenees*, 390  
Branch out stupendous into distant lands;  
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!  
Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!

- Assembling wolves in raging troops descend; 395  
 And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,  
 Keen as the north-wind sweeps the glossy snow.  
 All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,  
 Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart,  
 Nor can the bull his awful front defend, 400  
 Or shake the murdering savages away.  
 Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,  
 And tear the screaming infant from her breast.  
 The godlike face of Man avails him nought.  
 Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance 405  
 The generous lion stands in softened gaze,  
 Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.  
 But if, appriz'd of the severe attack,  
 The country be shut up, lur'd by the scent,  
 On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!) 410  
 The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig  
 The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,  
 Mix'd with foul shades, and frightened ghosts, they howl.

AMONG those hilly regions, where embrac'd  
 In peaceful vales the happy *Grisons* dwell; 415  
 Oft, rushing sudden from the loaded cliffs,  
 Mountains of snow their gathering terrors roll.  
 From steep to steep, loud-thundering, down they come,  
 A wintry waste in dire commotion all;  
 And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and swains, 420  
 And sometimes whole brigades of marching troops,  
 Or hamlets sleeping in the dead of night,  
 Are deep beneath the smothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,  
 In the wild depth of Winter, while without 425  
 The ceaseless winds blow ice, be my retreat,  
 Between the groaning forest and the shore,  
 Beat by a boundless multitude of waves,

A rural, shelter'd, solitary, scene;  
 Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,  
 To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,  
 And hold high converse with the MIGHTY DEAD; 430  
 Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,  
 As gods beneficent, who blest mankind  
 With arts, and arms, and humaniz'd a world. 435  
 Rous'd at th' inspiring thought, I throw aside  
 The long-liv'd volume; and, deep-musing, hail  
 The sacred shades, that slowly-rising pass  
 Before my wondering eyes. First SOCRATES,  
 Who, firmly good in a corrupted state, 440  
 Against the rage of tyrants *single* stood,  
 Invincible! calm reason's holy law,  
 That *voice* of GOD within th' attentive mind,  
 Obeying, fearless, or in life, or death:  
 Great moral teacher! *wisest of Mankind!* 445  
 SOLON the next, who built his common-weal  
 On equity's wide base; by *tender laws*  
 A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd  
 Preserving still that quick peculiar fire,  
 Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts, 450  
 And of bold freedom, they unequal'd shone,  
 The pride of smiling GRECE, and human-kind.  
 LYCURGUS then, who bow'd beneath the force  
 Of strictest discipline, *severely wise*,  
 All human passions. Following him, I see, 455  
 As at *Thermopylae* he glorious fell,  
 The \* firm DEVOTED CHIEF, who prov'd by deeds  
 The hardest lesson which the *other* taught.  
 Then ARISTIDES lifts his honest front;  
 Spotless of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice 460  
 Of freedom gave the noblest name of *Just*;

In

\* LEONIDAS. See Leonidas, a Poem (by R. Glover) 2 Vols. 8 Lond.  
 1770.

- In pure majestic poverty rever'd;  
 Who, even his glory to his country's weal  
 Submitting, swell'd a haughty \* *Rival's* fame.  
 Rear'd by his care, of softer ray, appears      465  
**CIMON** sweet-soul'd; whose genius, rising strong,  
 Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad  
 The scourge of *Persian* pride, at home the friend  
 Of every worth and every splendid art;  
 Modest, and simple, in the pomp of wealth.      470  
 Then the last worthies of declining **GREECE**,  
 Late-call'd to glory, in *unequal* times,  
 Penive, appear. The fair *Corinthian* boast,  
**TIMOLEON**, happy temper! mild, and firm,  
 Who wept the *Brother* while the *Tyrant* bled.      475  
 And, equal to the best, the \*\* **THEBAN PAIR**,  
 Whose virtues, in *heroic Concord* join'd,  
 Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.  
 He too, with whom *Athenian* honour funk,  
 And left a mass of sordid lees behind;      480  
**PHOCION** the *Good*: in public life severe,  
 To virtue still inexorably firm;  
 But when, beneath his low illustrious roof,  
 Sweet peace and happy wisdom smooth'd his brow,  
 Not friendship softer was, nor love more kind.      485  
 And he, the *last* of old **LYCURGUS'** sons,  
 The generous victim to that vain attempt,  
*To save a state*, **AGIS**, who saw  
 Even **SPARTA**'s self to servile avarice funk.  
 The two *Achaian* heroes close the train.      490  
**ARATUS**, who a while relum'd the soul  
 Of fondly-lingering liberty in **GREECE**:  
 And he her darling as her latest hope,  
 The *gallant* **PHILOPEMEN**; who to arms

Turn'd

\* **THEMISTOCLES**.\*\* **PELOPIDAS**, and **EPAMINONDAS**.

Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;  
Or toiling in his farm, a simple swain;  
Or, bold and skilful, thundering in the field.

495

OF rougher front, a mighty people come!  
A race of heroes! in those virtuous times  
Which knew no stain, save that with partial flame      500  
Their dearest country they *too fondly* lov'd.  
Her better founder first, the light of ROME,  
NUMA, who soften'd her rapacious sons:  
SERVIUS the King, who laid the solid base  
On which o'er earth the *vast republic* spread.      505  
Then the great consuls venerable rise.  
The \* PUBLIC FATHER who the *Private* quell'd,  
As on the dread tribunal sternly sad.  
He, whom his thankless country *could not* lose,  
CAMILLUS, only vengeful to her foes.      510  
FABRICIUS, scioner of all-conquering gold;  
And CINCINNATUS, awful from the plough.  
Thy \*\* WILLING VICTIM, *Carthage*, bursting loose  
From all that pleading Nature could oppose,  
From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith      515  
Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.  
SCIPIO, the gentle chief, humanely brave,  
Who soon the race of spotless glory ran,  
And, warm in youth, to the *Poetic shade*  
With *Friendship* and *Philosophy* retir'd.      520  
TULLY, whose powerful eloquence a while  
Restrain'd the *rapid* fate of rushing ROME.  
Unconquer'd CATO, virtuous in *extreme*.  
And thou, unhappy BRUTUS, kind of heart,  
Whose steady arm, by awful virtue urg'd,      525  
Lifted the *Roman steel* against thy *Friend*.

Thousands,

\* MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS.

\*\* REGULUS.

Thousands, besides, the tribute of a verse  
 Demand; but who can count the stars of heaven?  
 Who sing their influence on this lower world?

BEHOLD, who yonder comes! in sober state,      530  
 Fair, mild, and strong, as is a vernal sun:  
 'Tis *Phæbus*' self, or else the MANTUAN SWAIN!  
 Great HOMER too appears, of daring wing,  
*Parent* of song! and *equal* by his side,  
 The BRITISH MUSE; join'd hand in hand they walk,      535  
 Darkling, full up the middle steep to fame.  
 Nor absent are those shades, whose skilful hand  
 Pathetic drew th' impassion'd heart, and charm'd  
 Transported *Athens* with the MORAL SCENE:  
 Nor those who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting LYRE.      540

FIRST of your kind! society divine!  
 Still visit thus my nights, for you reserv'd,  
 And mount my soaring soul to thoughts like yours.  
*Silence*, thou lonely power! the door be thine;  
 See on the hallowed hour that none intrude,      545  
 Save a few chosen friends, who sometimes deign  
 To bless my humble roof, with sense refin'd,  
 Learning digested well, exalted faith,  
 Unstudy'd wit, and humour ever gay.  
 Or from the Muses' hill will POPE descend,      550  
 To raise the sacred hour, to bid it smile,  
 And with the social spirit warm the heart:  
 For tho' not sweeter his own HOMER sings,  
 Yet is his life the more endearing song.

WHERE art thou, HAMMOND? Thou the darling pride,      555  
 The friend and lover of the tuneful throng!  
 Ah why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime  
 Of vernal genius, where disclosing fast  
 Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,

Why

Why wert thou ravish'd from our hope so soon? 560  
 What now avails that noble thirst of fame,  
 Which stung thy fervent breast? That treasur'd store  
 Of knowledge, early gain'd? That eager zeal  
 To serve thy country, glowing in the band  
 Of YOUTHFUL PATRIOTS, who sustain her name? 565  
 What now, alas! that life-diffusing charm  
 Of sprightly wit? that rapture for the Muse  
 That heart of friendship, and that soul of joy,  
 Which bade with softest light thy virtues smile?  
 Ah! only shew'd, to check our fond pursuits, 570  
 And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

THUS in some deep retirement would I pass,  
 The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant soul,  
 Or blithe, or solemn, as the theme inspir'd:  
 With them would search, if Nature's boundless frame 575  
 Was call'd, late-rising from the void of night,  
 Or sprung *eternal* from th' ETERNAL MIND;  
 Its springs, its laws, its progress, and its end.  
 Hence larger prospects of the beauteous whole  
 Would, gradual, open on our opening minds; 580  
 And each diffusive harmony unite,  
 In full perfection, to th' astonish'd eye.  
 Then would we try to scan the *moral World*,  
 Which, tho' to us it seems embroil'd; moves on  
 In higher order; fitted, and impell'd, 585  
 By WISDOM's finest hand, and issuing all  
 In *general Good*. The sage historic Muse  
 Should next conduct us thro' the deeps of time:  
 Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,  
 In scatter'd states; what makes the nations smile, 590  
 Improves their soil, and gives them double suns;  
 And why they pine beneath the brightest skies,  
 In Nature's richest lap. As thus we talk'd,

- Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale  
That portion of divinity, that ray  
Of purest heaven, which lights the public soul  
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,  
In powerless humble fortune, to repress  
These ardent risings of the kindling soul;  
Then, even superior to ambition, we 595  
Would learn the private virtues; how to glide  
Thro' shades and plains, along the smoothest stream  
Of rural life: or snatch'd away by hope,  
Thro' the dim spaces of futurity,  
With earnest eye anticipate those scenes  
Of happiness, and wonder; where the mind, 605  
In endless growth and infinite ascent,  
Rises from state to state, and world to world.  
But when with these the serious thought is foil'd,  
We, shifting for relief, would play the shapes  
Of frolic Fancy; and incessant form 610  
Those rapid pictures, that assembled train  
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,  
Whence lively *Wit* excites to gay surprize;  
Or folly-painting *Humour*, grave himself,  
Calls laughter forth, deep-shaking every nerve. 615

- MEAN-TIME the village rouzes up the fire;  
While well attested, and as well believ'd,  
Heard solemn, goes the goblin-story round;  
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all. 620  
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake  
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round:  
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,  
Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;  
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the sidelong maid, 625  
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep:  
The leap, the flap, the haul; and, shook to notes

Of native music, the respondent dance.  
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.

THE city swarms intense. The public haunt, 630  
Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,  
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow  
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,  
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul, 635  
The gaming fury falls; and in one gulph  
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,  
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.  
Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,  
Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways. 640  
The glittering court effuses every pomp;  
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,  
Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,  
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:  
While, a gay insect in his summer-shine, 645  
The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.

DREAD o'er the scene, the ghost of HAMLET stalks:  
OTHELLO rages; poor MONIMIA mourns;  
And BELVIDERA pours her soul in love.  
Deep-thrilling terror shakes; the comely tear  
Steals o'er the cheek: or else the COMIC MUSE 650  
Holds to the world a picture of itself,  
And raises fly the fair impartial laugh.  
Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes  
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,  
Or charm the heart, in generous \* BEVIL shew'd. 655

O THOU, whose wisdom, solid yet refin'd,  
Whose patriot-virtues, and consummate skill  
To touch the finer springs that move the world,

Join'd

\* A character in the CONSCIOUS LOVERS, written by Sir RICHARD STEELE.

- Join'd to whate'er the *Graces* can bestow,  
And all *Apollo's* animating fire, 660  
Give thee, with pleasing dignity, to shine  
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,  
Of polish'd life; permit the *rural Muse*,  
O CHESTERFIELD, to grace with thee her song!  
Ere to the shades again she humbly flies, 665  
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,  
(For every Muse has in thy train a place)  
To mark thy various full-accomplish'd mind:  
To mark that spirit, which, with *British Scorn*,  
Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power; 670  
That elegant politeness, which excels  
Even in the judgement of presumptuous *France*,  
The boasted manners of her shining court;  
That wit, the vivid energy of sense  
The truth of Nature, which, with *Attic* point, 675  
And kind well-temper'd satire, smoothly keen,  
Steals through the soul, and without pain corrects.  
Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,  
O let me hail thee on some glorious day,  
When to the listening senate, ardent, croud 680  
BRITANNIA'S sons to hear her pleaded cause.  
Then drest by thee, more amiably fair,  
Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears:  
Thou to assenting reason giv'st again  
Her own enlighten'd thoughts; call'd from the heart, 685  
Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend;  
And even reluctant party feels a while  
Thy gracious power: as thro' the vary'd maze  
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,  
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood. 690

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse:  
For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,

Frosty, succeed; and thro' the blue serene,  
For sight too fine, th' etherial niter flies;  
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air  
Storing afresh with elemental life.

695

Close crouds the shining atmosphere; and binds  
Our strenghten'd bodies in its cold embrace,  
Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;  
Refines our spirits, thro' the new-strung nerves,

700

In swifter fancies darting to the brain;  
Where fits the soul, intense, collected, cool,  
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.

All Nature feels the renovating force  
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye  
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe  
Draws in abundant vegetable soul,

705

And gathers vigour for the coming year.  
A stronger glow fits on the lively cheek  
Of ruddy fire: and luculent along  
The purer rivers flow; their full deeps,

710

Transparent, open to the shepherd's gaze,  
And murmur hoarser at the fixing frost.

WHAT art thou, frost? and whence are thy keen stores  
Deriv'd, thou secret all-invading power,  
Whom even th' illusive fluid cannot fly?

715

Is not thy potent energy, unseen,  
Myriads of little salts, or hook'd, or shap'd  
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immense  
Thro' water, earth, and ether? Hence at eve,

720

Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,  
With fierce rage of Winter deep suffus'd,  
And icy gale, oft shifting, o'er the pool  
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career

725

Arrests the bickering stream. The loosen'd ice,  
Let down the flood, and half dissolv'd by day,

Rustles no more; but to the sedgy bank  
 Fast grows, or gathers round the pointed stone,  
 A crystal pavement, by the breath of heaven  
 Cemented firm; till, seiz'd from shore to shore,  
 The whole imprison'd river growls below.

730

Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects  
 A double noise; while, at his evening watch,  
 The village dog deters the nightly thief;  
 The heifer lows; the distant water-fall

735

Swells in the breeze; and, with the hasty tread  
 Of traveller, the hollow-sounding plain  
 Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,  
 Infinite worlds disclosing to the view,  
 Shines out intensely keen; and, all one cope

740

Of starry glitter, glows from pole to pole.  
 From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,  
 Thro' the still night, incessant, heavy, strong,  
 And seizes Nature fast. It freezes on;

Till morn, late-rising o'er the drooping world,  
 Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears  
 The various labour of the silent night:

745

Prone from the dripping eave, and dumb cascade,  
 Whose idle torrents only seem to roar,  
 The pendant icicle; the frost-work fair,  
 Where transient hues, and fancy'd figures rise;  
 Wide-spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,  
 A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;  
 The forest bent beneath the plamy wave;  
 And by the frost refin'd the whiter snow,  
 Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread  
 Of early shepherd, as he pensive seeks  
 His pining flock, or from the mountain-top,  
 Pleas'd with the slippery surface, swift descends.

750

On blithsome frolics bent, the youthful swains,  
 While every work of Man is laid at rest,

760

Fond o'er the river croud, in various sport  
 And revelry dissolv'd; where mixing glad,  
 Happiest of all the train! the raptur'd boy  
 Lashes the whirling top. Or, where the *Rhine* 765  
 Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,  
 From every province swarming, void of care,  
*Batavia* rushes forth; and as they sweep,  
 On sounding skates, a thousand different ways,  
 In circling poise, swift as the winds, along, 770  
 The *then gay* land is madden'd all to joy.  
 Nor less the northern courts, wide o'er the snow,  
 Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid sleds,  
 Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel  
 The long-refounding course. Meantime, to raise 775  
 The manly strife, with highly-blooming charms,  
 Flush'd by the season, *Scandinavia's* dames,  
 Or *Russia's* buxom daughters glow around.

PURE, quick, and sportful, is the wholesome day;  
 But soon elaps'd. The horizontal sun, 780  
 Broad o'er the south, hangs at his utmost noon;  
 And, ineffectual, strikes the gelid cliff:  
 His azure gloss the mountain still maintains,  
 Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale  
 Relents a while to the reflected ray; 785  
 Or from the forest falls the cluster'd snow,  
 Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam  
 Gay-twinkle as they scatter. Thick around  
 Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,  
 And dog impatient bounding at the shot, 790  
 Worse than the season, desolate the fields;  
 And, adding to the ruins of the year,  
 Distress the footed or the feathered game.

BUT what is this? our infant Winter sinks,  
 Divested of his grandeur, should our eye 795  
 Astonish'd

Astonish'd shoot into the *Frigid Zone*;  
 Where, for relentless months, continual night,  
 Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry reign.

THERE, thro' the prison of unbounded wilds,  
 Barr'd by the hand of Nature from escape,  
 Wide-roams the *Russian* exile. Nought around  
 Strikes his sad eye, but desarts lost in snow;  
 And heavy-loaded groves; and solid floods,  
 That stretch, athwart the solitary vast,  
 Their icy horrors to the frozen main;                           800  
 And cheerles towns far-distant, never bles'd,  
 Save when its annual course the caravan  
 Bends to the golden coast of rich \* *Cathay*  
 With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows;  
 Yet cherish'd there, beneath the shining waste,                   810  
 The fury nations harbour: tipt with jet,  
 Fair ermines, spotless as the snows they press;  
 Sables, of glossy black; and dark-embrown'd,  
 Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,  
 Thousands besides, the costly pride of courts.                   815

There, warm together pres'd, the trooping deer  
 Sleep on the new-fallen snows; and, scarce his head  
 Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk  
 Lies slumbering fullen in the white abyſs.

The ruthleſs hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,                   820  
 Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives  
 The fearful-flying race; with ponderous clubs,  
 As weak against the mountain-heaps they push  
 Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,  
 He lays them quivering on th' ensanguin'd snows,           825  
 And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.  
 There thro' the piny forest half-absorpt,

\* The old name for *China*.

Rough tenant of these shades, the shapeless bear,  
 With dangling ice all horrid, stalks forlorn;  
 Slow-pac'd, and sourer as the storms increase,  
 He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,  
 And, with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,  
 Hardens his heart against assailing want.

830

WIDE o'er the spacious regions of the north,

That see *Boötes* urge his tardy wain,

835

A boisterous race, by frosty \* *Caurus* pierc'd,

Who little pleasure know and fear no pain,

Prolific swarm. They once relum'd the flame

Of lost mankind in polish'd slavery sunk,

Drove martial \*\* horde on horde, with dreadful sweep

840

Resistless rushing o'er th' enfeebled south,

And gave the vanquish'd world another form.

Not such the sons of *Lapland*: wisely they

Despise th' insenate barbarous trade of war;

They ask no more than simple Nature gives,

845

They love their mountains and enjoy their storms.

No false desires, no pride-created wants,

Disturb the peaceful current of their days;

And thro' the restless ever-tortur'd maze

Of pleasure, or ambition, bid it rage.

850

Their rain-deer form their riches. These their tents,

Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth

Supply, their wholesome fare, and cheerful cups.

Obsequious at their call, the docile tribe

Yield to the sled their necks, and whirl them swift

855

O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanse

Of marbled snow, as far as eye can sweep

With a blue crust of ice unbounded glaz'd.

By dancing meteors then, that ceaseless shake

A

\* The north-west wind.

\*\* The wandering scythian-clans.

- A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens, 860  
 And vivid moons, and stars that keener play  
 With doubled luster from the radiantl waste,  
 Even in the depth of *Polar Night*, they find  
 A wondrous day: enough to light the chace,  
 Or guide their daring steps to *Finland-fairs*. 865  
 Wish'd spring returns; and from the hazy south,  
 While dim Aurora slowly moves before,  
 The welkome sun, just verging up at first,  
 By small degrees extends the swelling curve!  
 Till seen at last for gay rejoicing months, 870  
 Still round and round, his spiral course he winds,  
 And has he nearly dips his flaming orb,  
 Wheels up again, and reascends the sky.  
 In that glad season, from the lakes and floods,  
 Where pure \* *Niemi's* fairy mountains rise, 875  
 And fring'd with roses \*\* *Tenglio* rolls his stream,  
 They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,  
 They cheerful-loaded to their tents repair;  
 Where, all day long in useful cares employ'd,  
 Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare. 880  
 Thrice happy race! by poverty secur'd  
 From legal plunder and rapacious power:  
 In whom fell interest never yet has sown

L 5

The

\* *M. de Manpertuis*, in his book on the *Figure of the Earth*, after having described the beautiful lake and mountain of *Niemi* in *Lapland*, says — “From this height we had opportunity several times to see those ‘vapours rise from the lake which the people of the country call *Haltios*, and which they deem to be the guardian spirits of the mountains. We had been frighted with stories of bears that haunted this place, but saw none. It seem'd rather a place of resort for *Fairies* and *Genii* than bears.”

\*\* The same author observes — “I was surprized to see upon the banks of this river, (the *Tenglio*) roses of as lively a red as any that are in our gardens.”

The seeds of vice; whose spotless swains ne'er knew 885  
 Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath  
 Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.

STILL pressing on, beyond *Tornea's* lake,  
 And *Hecla* flaming thro' a waste of snow,  
 And farthest *Greenland*, to the pole itself, 890  
 Where failing gradual life at length goes out,  
 The Muse expands her solitary flight;  
 And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,  
 Beholds new seas beneath \* another sky.  
 Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice, 895  
 Here WINTER holds his unrejoicing court;  
 And thro' his airy hall the loud misrule  
 Of driving tempest is for ever heard!  
 Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;  
 Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost; 900  
 Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,  
 With which he now oppresses half the globe.

THENCE winding eastward to the *Tartar's* coast,  
 She sweeps the howling margin of the main;  
 Where undissolving, from the first of time, 905  
 Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky;  
 And icy mountains, high on mountains pil'd,  
 Seem to the shivering sailor from afar,  
 Shapeless and white, an atmosphere of clouds.  
 Projected huge, and horrid, o'er the surge, 910  
 Alps frown on alps; or rushing hideous down,  
 As if old chaos was again return'd,  
 Wide-rend the deep, and shake the solid pole.  
 Ocean itself no longer can resist  
 The binding fury; but, in all its rage 915  
 Of tempest taken by the boundless frost,

Is

\* The other hemisphere.

Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,  
 And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanse,  
 Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, cheerless, and void  
 Of every life, that from the dreary months                   920  
 Flies conscious southward. Miserable they!  
 Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,  
 Take their last look of the descending sun;  
 While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold frost,  
 The long long night, incumbent o'er their head,           925  
 Falls horrible. Such was the \* BRITON'S FATE,  
 As with *first* prow, (what have not BRITONS dar'd!)  
 He for the passage sought, attempted since  
 So much in vain, and seeming to be shut  
 By jealous Nature with eternal bars.                       930  
 In these fell regions, in *Arxina* caught,  
 And to the stony deep his idle ship  
 Immediate seal'd, he with his hapless crew,  
 Each full exerted at his several task,  
 Froze into statues; to the cordage glued               935  
 The sailor, and the pilot to the helm.

HARD by these shores, where scarce his freezing stream  
 Rolls the wild *Oby*, live the last of Men;  
 And, half-enliven'd by the distant sun,  
 That rears and ripens Man, as well as plants,           940  
 Here human Nature wears its rudest form.  
 Deep from the piercing season sunk in caves,  
 Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,  
 They waste the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,  
 Doze the gross race. Nor sprightly jest, nor song,   945  
 Nor tenderness they know; nor aught of life,  
 Beyond the kindred bears that stalk without.

Till

\* Sir HUGH WILLOUGHBY, sent by QUEEN ELIZABETH to discover the north-east passage.

Till morn at length, her roses drooping all,  
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,  
And calls the quiver'd savage to the chace. 950

WHAT cannot active government perform,  
New-moulding Man? Wide-stretching from these shores,

A people savage from remotest time,

A huge neglected empire ONE VAST MIND,

By HEAVEN inspir'd, from gothic darkness call'd. 955

Immortal PETER! first of monarchs! he

His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,

Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;

And while the fierce *Barbarian* he subdu'd,

To more exalted soul he raised the *Man*. 960

Ye shades of antient heroes, ye who toil'd

Thro' long successive ages to build up

A lab'ring plan of state, behold at once

The wonder done! behold the matchless prince!

Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then 965

A mighty shadow of unreal power;

Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;

And roaming every land, in every port,

His scepter laid aside, with glorious hand

Unweary'd plying the mechanic tool, 970

Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts,

Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.

Charg'd with the stores of *Europe* home he goes!

Then cities rise amid th' illumin'd waste;

O'er joylefs desarts smiles the rural reign; 975

Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd;

Th' astonish'd *Euxine* hears the *Baltic* roar;

Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd

With daring keel before; and armies stretch

Each way their dazzling files, repressing here 980

The

The frantic *Alexander* of the north,  
 And awing there stern OTHMAN'S shrinking sons.  
*Sloth* flies the land, and *Ignorance*, and *Vice*,  
 Of old dishonour proud: it glows around,  
 Taught by the ROYAL HAND that rous'd the whole, 985  
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade:  
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,  
 More potent still, his great *example* shew'd.

MUTTERING, the winds at eve, with blunted point,  
 Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdu'd, 990  
 The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.  
 Spotted the mountains shine; loose fleet descends,  
 And floods the country round. The rivers swell,  
 Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,  
 O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts, 995  
 A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;  
 And, where they rush, the wide-resounding plain  
 Is left one slimy waste. Those fullen seas,  
 That wash th' ungenial pole, will rest no more  
 Beneath the shackles of the mighty north; 1000  
 But, rousing all their waves, resistless heave.  
 And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs  
 Athwart the rifted deep: at once it bursts,  
 And piles a thousand mountains to the clouds.  
 Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd, 1005  
 That, tost amid the floating fragments, moors  
 Beneath the shelter of an icy isle,  
 While night o'erwhelms the sea, and horror looks  
 More horrible. Can human force endure  
 Th' assembled mischiefs that besiege them round? 1010  
 Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting weariness,  
 The roar of winds and waves, the crush of ice,  
 Now ceasing, now-renew'd with louder rage,

And

And in dire echoes bellowing round the main,

More to embroil the deep, Leviathan

1015

And his unwieldy train, in dreadful sport,

Tempest the loosened brine, while thro' the gloom,

Far, from the bleak inhospitable shore,

Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl

Of famish'd monsters, there awaiting wrecks.

1020

Yet PROVIDENCE, that *ever-waking Eye*,

Looks down with pity on the feeble toil

Of mortals lost to hope, and lights them safe,

Thro' all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'TIS done! — dread WINTER spreads his latest glooms, 1025

And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.

How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!

How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends

His desolate domain. Behold, fond Man!

Behold thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,

1030

Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,

Thy sober Autumn fading into age,

And pale concluding Winter comes at last,

And shuts the scene. Ah! whither now are fled,

Those dreams of greatness? those unsolid hopes

1035

Of happiness? those longings after fame?

Those restless cares? those busy bustling days?

Those gay-spent, festive nights? those veering thoughts,

Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life?

All now are vanish'd! VIRTUE sole survives,

1040

Immortal, never-failing friend of Man,

His guide to happiness on high. — And see!

'Tis come, the glorious morn! the second birth

Of heaven, and earth! awakening Nature hears

The *new-creating word*, and starts to life,

1045

In every heightened form, from pain and death

For

For ever free. *The great eternal scheme,*  
 Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*  
 Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,  
 To reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.

1050

Ye vainly wise! ye blind presumptuous! now,  
 Confounded in the dust, adore that POWER,  
 And WISDOM oft arraign'd: see now the cause,  
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,  
 And dy'd, neglected: why the good Man's share  
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul:

Why the lone widow, and her orphans pin'd,  
 In starving solitude; while luxury,  
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,  
 To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,  
 And moderation fair, wore the red marks  
 Of superstition's scourge: why licens'd pain,  
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,  
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distrest!

1060

Ye noble few! who here unbending stand  
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,  
 And what your bounded view, which only saw  
 A little part, deem'd *Evil* is no more:  
 The storms of WINTRY TIME will quickly pass,  
 And one unbounded SPRING encircle all!

1065

1070

# A

## H Y M N.

**T**HESE, as they change, **ALMIGHTY FATHER**, these,

Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year  
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring  
**THY** beauty walks, **THY** tenderness and love.  
Wide-flush the fields; the softening air is balm;  
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;  
And every sense, and every heart is joy.  
Then comes **THY** glory in the Summer-months,  
With light and heat resplendent. Then **THY** sun  
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year:  
And oft **THY** voice in dreadful thunder speaks;  
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.  
**THY** bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,  
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.  
In Winter awful **THOU**! with clouds and storms  
Around **THEE** thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,  
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,  
Riding sublime, **THOU** bidst the world adore,  
And humblest Nature with **THY** northern blast.

5

10

15

20

MYSERIOUS round! what skill, what force divine,  
Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,  
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,

Such

Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;  
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;      25  
 And all so forming an harmonious whole;  
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.  
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,  
 Man marks not **THEE**, marks not the mighty hand,  
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;      30  
 Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence  
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:  
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;  
 Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;  
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,      35  
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

**NATURE**, attend! join every living soul,  
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
 In adoration join; and, ardent, raise  
 One general song! To **HIM**, ye vocal gales,      40  
 Breathe soft, whose **SPIRIT** in your freshness breathes:  
 Oh talk of **HIM** in solitary glooms!  
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine  
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.  
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,      45  
 Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven  
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.  
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;  
 And let me catch it as I muse along.  
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;      50  
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze  
 Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,  
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,  
 Sound **HIS** stupendous praise; whose greater voice  
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.      55  
 Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,  
 In mingled clouds to **HIM**; whose sun exalts

Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.  
 Ye forests bend, ye harysts wave, to HIM;  
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,  
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon. 60  
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep  
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,  
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,  
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre. 65  
 Great source of day! best image here below  
 Of thy creator, ever pouring wide,  
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,  
 On Nature write with every beam **HIS** praise.  
 The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world; 70  
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.  
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,  
 Retain the sound: the broad responsive lowe,  
 Ye valleys, raise; for the **GREAT SHEPHERD** reigns;  
 And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come. 75  
 Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song  
 Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,  
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,  
 Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm  
 The listening shades, and teach the night **HIS** praise. 80  
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles;  
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,  
 Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,  
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join  
 The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear, 85  
 At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base;  
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,  
 In one united ardor rise to heaven.  
 Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,  
 And find a fane in every sacred grove; 90  
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,  
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,

Still sing the GOD OF SEASONS, as they roll.  
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
 Whether the blossom blows, the summer-ray,  
 Russets the plain, *inspiring* Autumn gleams;  
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east;  
 Be my tongue mute, may fancy paint no more,  
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!

95

SHOULD fate command me to the farthest verge      100  
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,  
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun  
 Gilds *Indian* mountains, or his setting beam  
 Flames on th' *Atlantic* isles; 'tis nought to me;  
 Since GOD is ever present, ever felt,      105  
 In the void waste as in the city full;  
 And where HE vital spreads there must be joy.  
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,  
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,  
 I cheerful will obey! there, with new powers,      110  
 Will rising wonders sing; I cannot go  
 Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,  
 Sustaining all yon orbs and all their sons,  
 From *seeming Evil* still educating *Good*,  
 And *Better* thence again, and *Better* still,      115  
 In infinite progression. — But I lose  
 Myself in HIM, in LIGHT INEFFABLE!  
 Come then, expressive silence, muse HIS praise.

105

110

115

T H E   E N D.











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